AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ROOSEVELT'S ADVERSARY

JAMES FULLERTON


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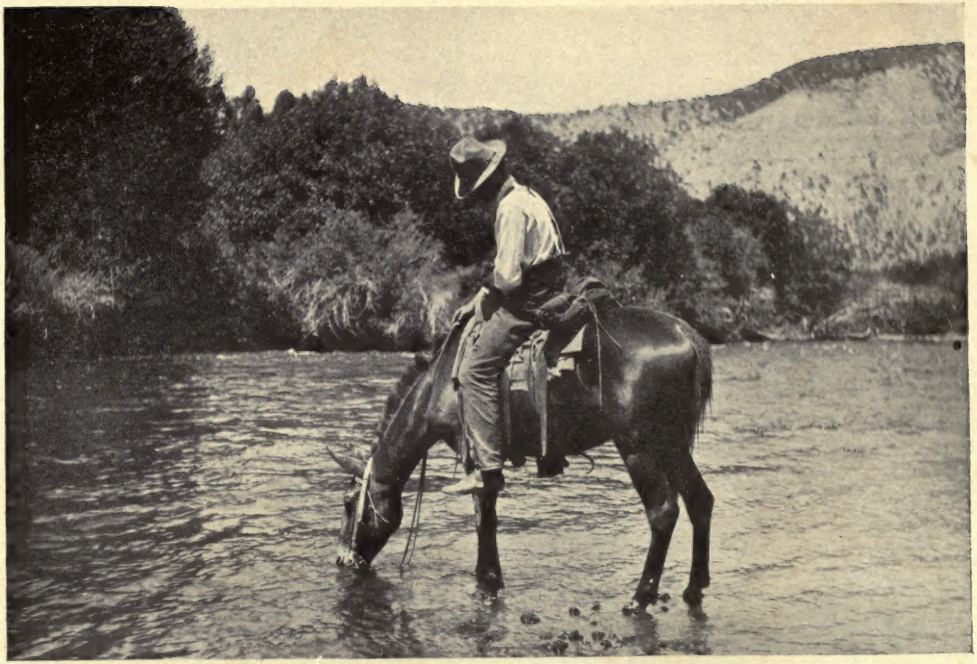

WE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF EVERY CLEAR STREAM

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

—OF—

Roosevelt's Adversary

BY

JAMES FULLERTON

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PREFACE.

When I started at the request of a large number of friends to write this book I determined to tell the truth no matter who was hit—consequently in order to show the animus and venom back of the attack on me and the attempt at my destruction, I have been compelled to bring in those who I would much have preferred to have passed in silence.

THE AUTHOR.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROOSEVELT'S ADVERSARY.

I presume that people would say that I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth. This is one of the worst misfortunes that can befall any human being, to have nothing to do, to be brought up practically without any aim in life. My father was wealthy; we had a comfortable home and when I came into the world under the most auspicious circumstances, I had everything that could possibly be furnished to make a human being's life happy. This condition of affairs lasted until I was about five years old. It was only necessary for me to cry for something and insist upon having it and I got it. At five years old the decision was made that it was time to train me, and having brought up a family of my own, I realize the utter impossibility of bending a tree that has grown five years at its own sweet will. As soon as they commenced this training process they found that I had an iron will which my parents had developed. I wanted my own way in everything and insisted upon having it, and after fighting for about two years, it was

decided to send me to one of England's most cruel and hard public schools, a school that had the reputation of beating all there was in a fellow out of him. Well do I remember my first trip to this inferno. I arrived there with my mother and was taken in to the head master of the preparatory school. His appearance at once struck terror into my soul and when my mother kissed me good-bye, I felt as though there was nothing more left in life for me. I was immediately taken in hand by this master who had been warned by my mother that I was an unruly and intractable child. From that day the torture commenced. This man believed in nothing but the rod. He thought that the more he thrashed a child the more he would make out of him, and I firmly believe that many a boy has been ruined for life by simply being abused at school in his earlier days. This can do nothing but make one rebelious and hard and create in him an antagonistic spirit against his fellows that nothing can ever eradicate. From the time I entered this school until I left it two years later, my unfortunate little back was hardly ever healed. Upon the least pretext I was flogged, often until the blood ran down my skin. The tortures of the day were only equaled by the tortures of the night. Such treatment could make nothing but bullies of boys. At night the larger boys took delight in torturing the smaller ones. Our

beds would be upset and sometimes filled with wet sponges. We were sat upon under pillows and smothered, and with all the homesickness that we naturally had in our tender years, it made our little lives just a burden. The cruelties that I suffered there were breaking down my health and our family physician advised that I be sent to a private school.

The following term I went to a small school in one of the midland counties of England and while conditions there were considerably better than they were at the public schools, yet the food was of the very poorest quality, the man's sole ambition being to see how much money he could make and how little he could give in return. At this place I had one of the most unfortunate accidents of my life. Playing a game of duck stone, I slipped upon a piece of ice, fell forward and one of my center incisors stuck in a post that I struck in my fall, causing concussion of the brain. I remained at this place for the rest of the term and was gradually getting thinner all the time, and when I went home for the Christmas holidays, it dawned upon my mother that I was a pretty sick child and upon the advice of a physician I was sent to the East coast of Yorkshire, where I remained for four and one-half years, much of the time with a dear, devoted old aunt.

I may say in beginning that it is not my

intention to give actual names of all people, though most of my friends mentioned in this article are dead.

The orders were that I was to take a daily bath in the sea. At this little seaside town they had bathing machines, which were nothing more than small houses on four large wheels. These were drawn into the sea by a horse and we were left until the bath was over, when we were hauled out by the same method. As no bathing is done in the winter on the beach, we had to have special arrangements made to have the machine hauled down for me. A dear old soul who had been in my aunt's service some thirty years, used to accompany me to the machine. A small fire was made in a little stove in the corner and I was stripped off and told to jump off into the sea water. Often in those days ice would form on the wheels of the machine and vessels coming into the harbor and would present a magnificent sight with all their spars and rigging festooned with ice. Some idea may be conceived of the dread I entertained for that plunge. I remember how dear old Ann used to say, "Now, Master Jimmie, be a good boy and it will soon be over." I would jump off the steps into the sea and as fast as possible climb back again out of the water, there to be met by the embrace of the coarsest turkish towel and rubbed until I thought sometimes the skin would come

off. Under this treatment I gradually recovered my health and I look back to those days spent with that dear old Aunt, as the happiest days of my life; absolutely care free, made a pet of by all the old sailors on the water front who used to ask me continually to come out in their boats and beg my Aunt to allow me to go trolling with them at night. I acquired such a love for the water that it has remained with me to the present day. It was here I went to a private school and was prepared for my college course. They were an uneventful four years. The monotony of school life was varied only by excursions to Flamborough Head, where we used to gather sea gulls' eggs by hundreds. Many a time have I hung suspended in the air from the end of a cable with a basket lowered by my side with a smaller rope and walked along the ledges gathering gulls and other sea birds' eggs. These we used to sell at sixpence per dozen. It was during this time that I had one experience that showed how easy a small boy could be fooled. A companion and myself, while walking on the beach, saw a large black thing which we supposed was an upturned boat in the receding tide. We watched it for a few minutes and suddenly discovered that there was a tail to it which, as the tide went out, we found to be the flukes of an enormous whale. We waited until the tide had left it, and as I remember

it now, it would have taken at least two men, one standing on the other's shoulders to reach to the top of its back. Its jaws afterwards made a gate where a team could drive through. We were so excited that we started back to the nearest fisherman's cottage and reported our find. The old man said, "Aye, but you are fine lads. I will go with you and see it." Going along he took out his purse, one of the old netted kind with two rings on it, and "generously" gave us sixpence apiece, immediately laying claim to the whale himself, which I heard afterwards netted him hundreds of dollars.

On that same beach I have seen the tide go out fully two miles, and have driven in a carriage where a few hours later large vessels were riding at anchor. The cliffs at that point are some 300 feet high, I should judge, and I have seen the sea return in a violent storm and spray from waves rolling up against the cliff wet the windows two blocks away. I have seen many a poor sailor making for that harbor entrance with every shred of sail carried away, driving under bare poles and vainly signalling for the help that it was impossible to get to him, miss the harbor entrance and pass along that north pier, in a few minutes to be dashed to pieces on the rocks. It is an awful sight to stand on the shore and see a fellow being sinking and be utterly helpless and unable to render him any assistance.

The bravery of those men that manned the life boats in those days was beyond all imagination. They should be forever classed among the heroes of the world. Many a time have I seen them start out in that boat to render succor to some disabled ship and barely would they get outside the harbor till a wave would up end the boat and throw every man of them into the water. The boat would immediately right herself, and being self bailing, was soon free of water. Nothing daunted, those men would reach for the life lines hanging over her side and climb into her again, take their seats and resume their oars, and make another heroic struggle to reach their perishing fellows.

During the holidays, I was often asked by the old fishermen to go trolling, and my delight knew no bounds when I got my Aunt's permission. Not only would I enjoy seeing the net pulled up with its multitude and variety of fishes, but I was like a monkey on board, up on the cross trees or out on the gaff, and with every trip gaining health and vigor. At last this had to come to an end. The time appointed for me to go to college had come, and having passed my examination to enter, I found myself one day in a large train load of boys, all headed for the one destination, to wit, Marlborough College.

Here was a new experience. After being

at a little school with twenty to thirty boys, I suddenly found myself among a crowd of over five hundred. I fortunately knew one boy in the school and from him I got my ideas as to how to get along with my companions. My inclination was never to study. I had no earthly use for books and could not see why any one else should have. I liked modern languages, French and German, but the dead languages were something that I could not fathom the reason for learning. I was not long at Marlborough until I discovered all the athletic sports that were carried on at a big college, and my time was spent far more around the racquet courts, foot ball and cricket field. The gymnasium could charm me at any time and at the end of the term reports invariably carried back to my father and mother the same account of neglected opportunities. It usually read, "wonderful ability, but no application." I remained in one form some three terms and my father thought he would encourage me to greater effort, so he promised me that if I would come back promoted to a new form the following term, he would give me a gun, the highest ambition of my life being to own one. In order to get this gun, I had to learn a holiday task which was always set us. The holiday task at this time was the whole of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and to show the ease with which I could acquire knowledge when I desired to, I committed

that long poem to memory so thoroughly that when I went to school I could start at any line the master gave me the first word of and carry on the poem, and he was so amazed to see this indifferent pupil having learned this so thoroughly, that he offered me another hundred marks if I would recite it backwards line by line, a feat that I easily accomplished. After I had recited some half page, he stopped me and said that was enough, I could have the hundred marks. That gave me a good start towards the gun, and I took precious good care that I did not fall down. From usually having sat at the bottom of the form I invariably sat first or second for the rest of the term, and that term I was promoted into the next form, and with it I received my first gun. I honestly believe that that gun was the means of keeping me all my life a poor man. Whether it was the gun or the innate love of sport, for my father was a sportsman to the bone, I am not prepared to say, but from that day to this my greatest pleasure has been to get out in the forest, on the stream, the lake, or the prairie with a gun. So fond was I of sport and always a dare devil trying to see how near I could possibly come to getting a licking and not quite do it, that with two others of the same ilk, we used to go up to Savernake Forest and poach the Marquis of Ailesbury's preserves for hares and other game. We also kept a white rat, an inno-

cent looking animal, but once it was put into a rabbit's burrow, it made the most perfect ferret that a person could possibly wish for. The rabbits would bolt from their holes as fast as they could get out. We had the usual loop net to put over the hole, and had never been caught but once and that time we were caught red handed. We had four dead rabbits and the excitement had been fast and furious, but in the midst of it all, the one who had been left to keep guard got so excited that he forgot to do sentry duty and a master's head appeared over the brow of the hill. If you had dropped a bomb among us it would hardly have caused more genuine consternation, but this master happened to be all man, and remembered that he had been a boy himself and just as big a devil as any of us. After scaring us with a threat of taking us to the head master, which we knew would cause us to be expelled from the school, because we not only were breaking the school rules, but also the laws of the land, he said, "Let's see how that thing works boys," and stayed and helped us catch two more rabbits. It is needless to say that that piece of work was never given away until this appears in print, and as he has passed to his "long" home, he has gone beyond censure. The reader may wonder how we could dispose of the game that we killed. That was an easy matter. We invariably dressed it and cleaned it thor-

oughly, and as we were all allowed to keep pet rabbits, we used to go in with baskets of green feed for our rabbits that we had picked along the hedge rows. The old gate keeper at the college also kept rabbits and we have stood sometimes with a brace of pheasants plucked and cleaned at the bottom of the basket and offered him rabbit feed from the top of it. The nerve of the thing was what carried us through and saved us. We certainly were an innocent looking trio. Suspicion fell upon us later and then we never left the college together. We always had our trysting place and we always prepared ourselves for an alibi.

Every boy in the college wore a little skull cap made of black cloth trimmed with pink ribbon. When the cap became faded and shabby we got an order for a new one and immediately threw the old one away. As we were all known by number and not by name, each boy had his number in his cap and we always made use of these other caps that we could pick up as the boys threw them away. Whenever we went on our marauding expeditions we wore one of these caps. It as an easy matter for the owner of the cap in every case to prove an alibi should his cap be found by the keeper of the preserves. Consequently whenever we were chased by keepers or saw danger near as we ran we saw to it that our caps blew off. The keeper finding the cap, seeing the num-

ber in it, knew that he would have no trouble in calling the boy on the carpet. The head master, being chief inquisitor, would call the boy into his office or possibly before the whole school and immediately accuse him of having been caught poaching. Naturally the boy would deny it and prove by his companions that he had been up on the cricket field or in some other place. The keeper who had accused him would certainly be nonplused, but would assert that he could pick out the boy he had seen there. To pick out one boy or three boys out of five hundred or over was a contract that none but a fool would ever have taken and whenever they did undertake it they made a signal failure of it.

Among the other sports that we used to have in the shape of poaching was fishing. There was a very fine trout stream along the road to Salisbury and we used to go down in the meadows along this stream, one on each side of the brook, and basking in the sun we would see these speckled beauties. We had three fish hooks tied back to back fastened on to a willow. The boy on one side would reach over and slide his hook underneath the fish, while the boy on the other side told him which way to move it, and when the one on the opposite side of the creek to the one who was holding the hook said "now jerk" there was generally a trout hanging at the end of the willow

when it came up. All this game we used to cook in our studies and we had many a good feed, which was often shared by one of the masters who had caught us ferreting with a white rat.

The dormitories had iron bars over the windows and we removed the bars from the windows, tied sheets together, and making these fast to our iron bedsteads, had lowered ourselves from the third story window to the ground. This let us down outside the walls of the campus and we would go up town to get ice cream and other dainties, not that we wanted the ice cream, but just to see how near we could come to getting out of the college grounds without getting caught. In those days we were classed as bad boys, whereas as a matter of fact, a boy who is as mischievous as we three were, to my knowledge, rarely grows up into a bad man. We may not make a howling success in the world, but yet some of the best generals in the British army, some of the greatest heroes of the navy and doubtless of any army or navy, have been boys of just that character, and if I were placed in the position of a school master there would be numbers of just such escapades that I should never see. In fact, in later years when I have had men under my charge, I have constantly seen things that I never thought of reporting to a commanding officer. We were such an untamable bunch

that while they never could catch us red handed, yet they knew that we were the evil genii that were causing most of the disturbance with the keepers and the neighborhood generally, and it was suggested to our parents that if they wished to keep us out of trouble they had better put us somewhere where we could be watched closer. To this end my father took me back to the place where, as a nine year old boy, I had had the accident that caused concussion of my brain. This time my father went with me, and while I was but fifteen, I was a pretty good sized man, husky, strong, athletic and afraid of nothing, and my father told this man to be very strict and severe with me, and on no account to spare the rod. I was then supposed to be studying preparatory to taking my course as a mining engineer. There were four other students, varying in age from my own up to twenty-two, and these older men had considerable license, whereas I was held down with an iron hand, against which my very soul rebelled. For a few weeks we got along and at last this tyrant of a man informed me that if I did not get a certain lesson within a limited time, which he told me he knew I was perfectly capable of doing, that he would come in with a cane and give me the best licking I ever had in my life. I was always shut up in a small room like a cell to study by myself and in this room was an open fire place

with the usual fire irons consisting of a poker, tongs and shovel. I told him that I could not get the lesson in the time he specified and he turned upon me like a tiger, told me not to dare answer him back. I slammed the book on the table and told him then and there that I never would learn another lesson in his house, and he might as well commence a fight at once if he wanted to fight. He immediately rushed off for his cane and I picked up the poker and stood like a lion at bay. I told him when he returned with his cane that if he struck me one blow I would kill him on the spot, and he knew that I would not only do it but that I was perfectly capable of doing it. He immediately locked the door and locked me in, but foolishly failed to lock the window, which I immediately negotiated, and when he returned to the room he found his bird had flown. I had a few shillings in my pocket and I made for the nearest station some five miles away. I caught a freight train and told the conductor my story. He sympathized with the boy who was fleeing from a tyrant and just as the train pulled out we saw the master drive up in a hurry to the station. He evidently was not able to stop the train because there was no effort to stop me anywhere, and as this train went close to my home, I was able to get off within nine miles of it. When I got off the train I was afraid to go home, but I knew an old

keeper that we had on our preserves, and I made for his house, where I received a warm welcome. He made some excuse and left me in the house with his wife and went straight to my home and informed my father where he could find me and the first thing I knew the latter appeared in our carriage at the door. This ended my school career. I positively refused to return to school under any circumstances whatever, and my father, being a man of good, sound judgment and sense, realized that it would be useless to fight me. The tree they had never tried to bend till it was five years old was absolutely impossible to bend at fifteen.

My father made arrangements then with a mining engineer to take me for a term of three years and I started out on my life work, as I supposed. It was intensely interesting and I was an apt scholar, so apt a scholar that after I had been six months working at it, I was often intrusted with important work with the instrument down the mines and sent to make special investigations of cavings, etc. Shortly after I commenced going down the mines, I began to suffer intensely with headaches, whether it was the stooping in the mine or the foul gases, and sometimes the long hours, having to work all night on surveys in order not to delay the men, I do not know. I found that no matter how much knowledge

I acquired I should forever be somebody else's servant, and this, coupled with my constantly recurring headaches, determined me to throw up the engineering, much as I liked the work. I left home one morning to go down the mine, never thinking that it was the last trip I should make to it. Some small disagreement with my superior caused me then and there to declare that I never would go down a mine again, that I had suffered long enough. He sent a messenger up for my father, as that day we happened to be working in one of the mines on our family estate. When my father drove down to the office, I can well remember the disappointment depicted in his face. He thought that at last he had found something that his wayward son would stick to. However, he made no complaint nor yet one word chiding me in all my drive to my home. For two days he went around as one in a daze, and I remember his words as if it were yesterday. He came to me and said, "My boy, you have got to decide upon some course in life for yourself. Your mother and I have done all we can for you." I told him that I wanted a week to consider the matter. At this time my cousin, who had been out in Canada with Prince Arthur as his equerry, came to stay at our house and he told such wonderful tales of the free life of the forest, of the moose, the deer, the game in abundance, the fishing, the canoe-

ing, and painted in such glowing colors all the delights of the frontier freedom, that I decided I would go to Canada, and I firmly told my father of my decision. He said, "Now remember, my boy, you have made your own bed and you must lie in it. I do not want you to leave England, but if you insist, you will go on the day appointed." That day was the 21st day of April, 1870, my mother's birthday. Two nights before sailing, he relented and came to me in my bedroom and offered me one thousand pounds if I would stay home. I told him "No" that I could not bear to be governed, that I had my own way as a baby and had fought for it up to that time, and I proposed to go to Canada to be my own master. He replied, "My boy, I am afraid you will never be your own master, and I fear you will come to some harm." I told him that I would be my own master before I was twenty-one, and so it proved. I was twenty-one in October, 1874, and in August I owned my own homestead. I had always hoped that I would go back home and see my father again, but it was not to be. The following January, 1875, he went to join the great majority. On the 21st day of April my brother came with me to Liverpool and saw me on board the Moravian. I was loaded down with letters of introduction from my friends, one of them being to the captain of the vessel and others to men of

prominence in Canada. To all young men starting life, I want to say, throw away your letters of introduction and don't hang on to some one else to help you or push you along—one's relatives and friends can't make a man. It's himself. I may say that only one of the whole of those letters ever did me the slightest good. It was addressed to the captain of the ship and when I got on board I discovered that there was only one first class berth left and there were two of us had tickets for that berth. It was consequently up to the captain to decide who should have it, and I, having a letter from the owner of the vessel, naturally was awarded the berth. I had scarcely entered the cabin until I heard a man telling what a bad predicament he had been placed in. He had lost one arm and while he had bought a ticket for a first class berth he was compelled to go down a second companionway to a lower deck in order to get one. I immediately stepped out and asked him how it came that he had bought a first class ticket and had to take a second class berth, and he explained to me that somebody else had gotten the berth by having influence with the captain. I told him that I undoubtedly had the berth that he expected to get and as I was on my way to Canada to rough it, I might just as well begin now, and he was perfectly welcome to take my place in the first class berth. I little knew what a

friend I was making by this act. It didn't make the slightest difference to me whether I slept above or below, but to him who had crossed the ocean many times and knew the rough seas of the Atlantic and the difficulties of climbing those narrow companionways of that old type of ship, it meant a great deal, and when I arrived in Quebec he invited me to his home in Montreal, and I was treated like a prince as long as I cared to stay there, which was but a short time. I wanted to get out into the back woods, out into the wild, and after staying a week I pushed on for my destination, a little rocky village which appeared to be the jumping off place of the earth, about sixty miles north of Lake Ontario. On my trip from Quebec to Montreal I had my first experience in a sleeping car. They were very primitive affairs compared to the Pullman of today; you sat in the day coach until bed time and then gathered up your belongings to go into another car to sleep, except when some conductor wanted to see your ticket, then you were unceremoniously aroused, wondering where on earth you were and finally wake up enough to dig up a ticket.

Having arrived at my destination I went to deliver another of these wonderful letters of introduction. I may say that it did me a little good, because the man to whom it was addressed owned a sawmill. He

asked me if I knew anything about work. I told him that I had seen men working in the fields in England but that I had never done a hard day's work in my life. "Well," he says, "how are you going to do it if you don't know how?" I told him that I didn't see where I would learn any younger. He said, "If you want to learn I will try and show you a thing or two." I didn't care much for the old man's demeanor, but in his gruff way he was very kind. He could outswear almost anybody I ever saw, and when he got angry he would throw his hat on the ground and jump on it. However, he took me down to the saw mill and showed me a man running around on logs in the mill pond with a pike pole in his hand. He asked me if I could swim and I told him that I had won the swimming prize at college for the mile race. "Well," he said, "take hold of that pike pole and let us see you do what that man is doing. He will show you how to do it." With that he turned around and left me to my own devices. He did not offer to hire me or set me any particular work to do, but before leaving told me that when I got through at night to come up to the house. This kind of work just took my fancy exactly. I was like a young duck in the water. I took to riding a log with a pike pole in my hand like an old water man. The second day I was there the boss came down and watched

me for about half an hour, and he told me he would give me ten dollars a month to jack logs up the jack ladder. To say that I was pleased would not half express it. Never did a man or a boy start out in the world to earn his first dollar with a greater delight. I had no idea of the value of a dollar. All I had known up to this time was when my father wanted any money he sat down and wrote a check and there seemed to be no end to the supply. At this time I was living at the house with the boss, but I soon went out and hunted a boarding house for myself, and here again that destiny that shapes our end overtook me. It just so happened that the husband of the woman who had kept the boarding house was an old trapper, and the greatest delight of my life was to sit and listen to him telling of his life in the forest and on the lakes where he had spent it trapping, fishing and hunting. We became very friendly and as soon as I could I bought a canoe and a young lady undertook to teach me to paddle. This old trapper told me that if I ever got so that I could paddle a canoe, he probably would take me out with him trapping and hunting, but the majority of fellows that came out took so long learning to paddle and were so awkward in a canoe, that he didn't want any of them with him. However, I proved an apt scholar. I made a few strokes with the paddle and quietly

rolled over into the water. I came up utterly unconcerned, took hold of the canoe and swam to shore. I took off my outside clothing and got into the canoe again in spite of warnings that if I didn't take care I would be drowned. I said, "I have either to learn to paddle or get drowned, that is a sure thing," and once again I essayed the paddling. The young lady said there was one thing I had to watch for; keep my knees solid on the bottom of the canoe and never to touch the gunwale. If the reader has ever been in a canoe learning to paddle, he will appreciate the difficulty when the canoe commences to wobble of keeping his hands from that particular spot. However, I made up my mind to do exactly as I was told, and I had a little eddy in the river near the canal where I used to paddle first on one side and then on the other but thought I never would learn to steer that canoe, for I could not understand how they could do it from one side of the boat with a single blade paddle. I was determined I was not going to be defeated, so I took a row boat and rowed down to the lake, towing my canoe where the water was fairly shoal, then stripped off my clothes and got into that canoe determined to paddle or drown. I was but a very short time in it till I got the nack. A friend in another canoe paddled around and around me showing me how to do it. All my spare time from this on

was spent paddling, and finally I became so expert at it that I decided to try trolling for Muskalonge. I discovered that paddling a light canoe was a very different proposition to steering it just exactly where I wanted it over the fishing beds, but I bought a trolling line and started out on my maiden effort, and great was my pleasure when I felt the telegraph from the other end of the line, tug, tug, tug, and realized that I had hooked one of the gamiest fish in the fresh waters of Canada. I was a little bit afraid to pull it up to the canoe, for while it was comparatively a large one for an expert to handle, to me it was but a very frail craft as yet. However, I made up my mind that I was going to land that fish, so taking the line in my teeth, I undertook to paddle ashore, and when I got among the rushes so that the canoe would steady itself, I started to haul in my fish, and then the trouble commenced. The fish also had use for those same rushes and he darted in and out among them, tangling up my line in the most irretrievable mess. I was afraid to lean over the canoe and yet I wanted that fish, and how to get it I didn't know. Presently I heard a voice say, "What in thunder are you doing in the reeds? Have you got a fish on?" and I told him I had but that my line was tangled up. He says, "Make for the clear water, don't let your fish get into the reeds." I replied, "My dear fellow, the

blooming thing is all twisted around the reeds already." "Well," says he, "can't you reach over and get him out?" I told him that I couldn't reach over without upsetting the canoe. However, a happy thought struck me about this time. The fish was still fighting the line, so I knew he was well hooked. I decided to leave him where he was and I ran my canoe ashore, stripped off my clothes and waded out to disentangle my line. I finally got the line free and waded ashore towing my fish through the water. It is needless to say that the report of my fishing exploit reached town ahead of me and I was unmercifully guyed. However, that did not deter me for a single instant. I got my fish and was a mighty tickled youth. All that summer I spent every bit of spare time I had trolling, and by the time the trapping season came I could paddle a canoe with the best of them. So proficient had I become that old Jim, the trapper, told me that he would be delighted to have me go with him. That ended my saw mill experience for that season.

We started out in September with a camp outfit and some forty or fifty traps apiece, the intention being to trap muskrats all fall and as the weather got cooler and the mink fur became prime, we intended to turn our attention to the latter, which were then bringing from four to five dollars a pelt.

This as my first experience under a tent, and from that day to this the canvas roof has been the most delightful home that I could ever live in. I remember well the day we started, our canoes loaded down with bedding, tent, traps, guns and ammunition, as we paddled side by side down through the lake to an island near the mouth of a creek which ran through a large marsh. Of all the beautiful spots to put your tent in, that island was the most ideal that I ever saw, surrounded on all sides by wild grapes, in the center a small oasis of thick turf, and enough drift wood on the shore to furnish fuel for winter. No sooner had we landed then I was initiated into the art of pitching a tent, and I certainly felt a stupid, awkward boy at the job. It is needless to say that forty years afield have remedied that defect. As soon as we got everything ship-shape, we cut some willows for stakes for the traps. I might describe these willows so that any person seeing them sticking up in the marsh will recognize what they are. We trimmed the willows so that the ring on the trap would just slip down over the sharp hook that we left about half an inch long where we cut off the limbs. When the animal sprung the trap he would immediately jump into the water, the ring slipping down over these hooks would prevent its rising to the surface, as the sticks were driven top downwards. As I remem-

ber it today, I made a very stupid pupil. It seemed as if I could not catch on to the way of setting those traps. I had always been in the habit of putting my foot on the spring, and to set it on the gunwale of a canoe, especially when I had not got the art of holding a canoe very steady, was a difficult proposition. However, I soon managed to accomplish the feat. We used to set the traps on a feed bed, pressing them down till the water covered them. The process was to sink the bed sufficiently under the water so that the trap's weight would hold it down. The rat coming to feed would climb on the bed, put his foot on the pan of the trap and immediately spring back into the deep water, dragging the trap with him when he sank to the bottom never to rise again. We caught an average of 40 to 50 rats a night, having out between 90 and 100 traps. We always made the rounds of our traps the last thing at night before it got dark, because ducks and mud hens would occasionally get into them, and the first thing in the morning we went around to gather our fur, and a fine musky bunch it was. The skins of the muskrat at that time were worth 12½ cents a piece, and after taking home our fur, the next thing was to learn to skin it and stretch it. Poor old Jim would skin about five rats to my one when we first started, but little by little I kept gaining on him and by the time we

were at it a month it was hard to tell which could skin the fastest. Our method of skinning was different to that which is in vogue today, which is to split them up between their hind legs and stretch them on a shingle. In those days we had nothing but willows to stretch them on and in order to do so we split them from the mouth along the breast as far down as the front legs and skinned the rat out through that hole. We then doubled the willow and pushed it into the skin, drawing the skin down tight on each side. We cut a small notch through the skin and the willow and this held it in position until it dried. As soon as the skinning of the rats was over they were hung up in the bushes to dry. The carcasses, except those we wished to make stew of, were thrown back into the lake. Some people may squirm at the idea of eating a rat, but the hind quarter of a muskrat or a beaver, when the musk is properly taken out and when they are properly dressed, makes as gamey a stew as duck. We were by no means compelled to eat rat because ducks abounded and we could kill any quantity of them. The way we came to eat the rats, old Jim thought he would try and find out what kind of metal I was made of, and right there he could not suggest a proposition that I would not go up against. I have since tried skunk and as far as I can learn from Indians and others who have

been driven to eat the different animals that range the forest, there is nothing but the crow and the pine squirrel that are unpalatable. I have known of many men who considered a rattle snake a relish, though I have not been in a position where I had to eat them and I never sampled them from choice, but if it was a case of starvation, I think a snake would look pretty good, as I fail to see where they differ from an eel, and those who have eaten them assure me that the flesh has the same flavor. A rat stewed with plenty of onions and vegetables with it, beats restaurant fare so far that I should require no coaxing at any time to repeat the dish I so often enjoyed.

Not far from our camp there lived a very crusty old bachelor, a regular old hermit. He always refused to sell campers any vegetables and kept a pack of vicious dogs to protect his melon and corn patch from marauders. On Saturday nights a party of my young chums used to come down from the village and camp on the same island with us. One night we decided that we wanted some sweet corn. As we had been over several times and tried to buy some from old Sauerkraut, and being refused, we decided to take the law into our own hands and see if we could not get some, a rather risky proceeding, as he kept a double barrel shot gun always loaded, besides this bunch of vicious dogs. It is a

well known fact that whenever boys cannot get anything, that certain thing they want the most, and this trait generally applies to boys of larger growth during the rest of their lives. No sooner had we decided that we wanted corn than we started with our canoes for the old man's corn patch. The beach was sandy and shelved at a slight angle down to the shore. We paddled along, never allowing a paddle to strike the gunwale or the slightest splash to drip from the end of the blade. The bows of our canoes finally grated on the sand and silently we slipped up into the corn patch. To break off these ears of corn without cracking required considerable dexterity, but not a dog barked and for aught we knew they might have all been dead. We slipped quietly back to our canoes when one of the boys suggested we might as well have a melon while we were at it. It is a well known fact that no melon ever tastes as good as the one that is swiped in the dark of the moon. By some stroke of good luck the fellow that went back for the melon got hold of a good one, large and dead ripe, but in carrying it to the canoe, the melon slipped from his grasp and fell with a rattle among the corn shucks. This alarmed the dogs instantly and the way we piled into those canoes and paddled for the island was not slow. We had not gone more than a hundred yards from the shore before the whole

yelping pack and the old man with his shot gun were after us. He hollered to us to come back, cursed us roundly, and when we jeered him, fired two shots at us. The shots fell harmlessly in the water and splashed around the canoe. We were too far away for him to injure us. We got back to the island and immediately had a fine corn roasting, and was ever a sweeter morsel tasted than an ear of corn roasted over a camp fire. Whether it is that our appetites were whetted or that corn cooked on a camp fire is really better than any other, I am not prepared to say, but to this day I can always enjoy an ear of corn roasted on the coals.

On one Saturday night I had been up to town for some provisions, I met a commercial traveler with whom I was well acquainted. He had to remain over Sunday in this God forsaken little village and was lamenting his misfortune, when I suggested that he come down to our camp with us, as several boys were coming down to spend the week end. He immediately acquiesced when I offered him the loan of my largest canoe, of course supposing he was a good paddler, but alas! he had more nerve than paddling lore. However, he started out with the rest of us and the canoe he was in was so steady that it was impossible for him to upset it. By paddling first on one side, then on the other, he managed to keep somewhere among the crowd, bumping first

into one canoe then into another. Finally one of the boys took compassion on him and made fast to his painter. This at least enabled him to steer, and between the two of them they got down pretty near to the island. On the side of the island where they landed the water was quite deep. A log projected from the shore and by the side of this we would run our canoes, climb out on the log and drag the canoe ashore. As they neared the island my friend cast the commercial traveler loose and told him to follow him and be careful not to run his canoe against the log, which was partially submerged. He had seen the man preceding him paddle hard as he came ashore in order to run his canoe as far as possible up on the bank, and he, thinking to follow suit, gave an extra good stroke, ran the bow of his canoe up on the log and was gracefully tipped into the water. There was a skirmish to help him out and he certainly looked a beauty as he climbed out on the beach. There were no extra clothes in the crowd, but we had some blankets, so Mr. Traveler had to strip off and roll in a blanket. He seemed to be very much concerned for the safety of a roll of bills that he had in his pocket and wondered if the water would ruin them. We assured him that they would be as easily dried as his clothes, and what was our amazement to see him deliberately spread out almost a thousand dollars in

greenbacks on the floor of the tent. Probably no tent ever had so rich a carpet. We made a large fire and dried his clothes, and the warmth of it dried the bills in the tent. He facetiously remarked that it had taken the starch out of his shirt but not out of him by a long shot. He was as game a sport as ever went to camp with me, the life of the whole crowd and a most enjoyable companion.

We had just put out a few mink traps around the edge of the lake and along the creek, and I was looking forward to quite a fall's sport, when word came to me that I was wanted to take a clerkship in a shanty for the winter. I did not altogether relish the idea, because I had made up my mind to trap and hunt, but one was a certainty and the other was not, and while I had made pretty good wages trapping so far I was now starting out on a line that took more skill, for while anybody can trap rats it takes a good trapper to go after otter and mink. Old Jim was loath to lose my company as we had gotten to be very close companions and lived agreeably together, but he advised me to go into the woods to the shanty because there I would have an opportunity to kill lots of deer, possibly some moose and bear. The work would be easy and while the pay was light, I was assured three square meals a day. So taking his advice I gathered up my traps, stored my canoes

and climbed aboard a wagon bound for the other side of nowhere. All I knew was that I was to go some 250 miles into the forest. I traveled a short distance on the wagon sitting on some bedding, but I finally decided that I preferred my feet to bumping over stumps, logs and a corduroy road. We had not gone far along the road when I spied some rough grouse, known in that country as partridge. I immediately commenced shooting and we had a nice stew that night out of the birds that we killed, which were very abundant along the trail. Rough and rocky as it was the journey at last came to an end. We reached the shanty, the first I had ever seen. It was made of logs notched at the corners and laid one above the other and the roof was made of split poles with a groove cut down them. Two of these grooved poles lay on their backs with the round side down and the other one fitted into the grooves of these two with the round side up, making a fairly water tight roof. The chinks between the logs were packed with a moss gathered in the marsh. In the center of the roof was practically another building which narrowed into the top and formed a chimney. Inside the center of the chimney and below this was the caboose, four logs notched at the corners and filled in with dirt. On the top of this was a log fire and we never lacked for heat. Around this the cook did his work and the pork and

beans that were cooked around that fire furnished a food that has no equal for men to work on. Many a deer did I kill while in that shanty and no matter how tastily the cook might prepare it, those French-Canadian woodsmen preferred their fat pork. The bunks were made double and two tiers of these bunks extended around the shanty. The foreman and I slept together and I don't know that I ever rested more comfortably in the best feather bed that I ever slept in. The work was all novel to me, and I really had very little to do. When the logs were skidded I measured and branded them, then after that was done I had nothing further to do until another batch of logs were skidded for me, except to eat and enjoy myself. Towards the end of January a serious accident happened in the camp. A large tree slipped from a sapling and fell across a man's thigh, breaking the bone about six inches above the knee. Such a thing would be a small matter in a settlement where there are hospitals and doctors, but we were 250 miles from the nearest human habitation, other than shanties, and a doctor would have charged a dollar a mile both ways. As the poor axeman was only getting $22.00 a month he could ill afford to pay a doctor to come out to him, and to put him in a sleigh and send him over that rocky road would have meant certain death. I volunteered to do the best I could to set his leg

and thus save him the expense or the risk of his life, and he gratefully accepted. I knew nothing of surgery more than I acquired at college from seeing the doctors set legs that were broken on the foot ball field, but I felt satisfied that the exercise of a little common sense would reduce that fracture and save the man's life. No surgeon ever had more willing assistance than I, and we made a box from hewn sticks and tied the man's leg into it. We improvised a pulley at the foot of his bunk and piled weights on to it sufficient to hold the leg a trifle longer than the other one. This man was as carefully nursed by those rough shanty men with all our crude appliances as any patient in a hospital today, and in March, when he was about to leave the shanty on a pair of improvised crutches, he said that he was going to have just as good a leg as he ever had. I remained in the shanty and went down with the logs on the drive. When I reached the settlement one of the first men to greet me was Francois with the broken leg. I asked him which was the broken leg and he said if he didn't know he could never tell the difference. When the ice broke up in the spring we had a cabin built on a raft of square timber and this was towed across the lake into the river. An exciting trip indeed was that journey down through those rapids over rocks that imperiled the safety of our frail

raft. The raft was held together by pegs driven through poles across the timbers and if one of those timbers should strike a rock it was good-bye to our cabin. Our canoes, outfit and bedding would have gone to the bottom of the river. As it was it got a good many bumps but that I never felt because I was as often riding a log with a pike pole in my hand as I was on the raft. I had many a ducking on that trip in the cold icy water, but it never seemed to affect me injuriously. I had one or two escapes of being struck by logs when I was in the water, but having always been something of a fatalist, I reasoned that if my time had come to die in the water between logs, it would save me from being hung later or coming to some other untimely end. I used to vary the monotony of the river running, and also our larder, by going ashore with my gun. There were large numbers of ruffed grouse, one could hear them drumming on the logs and occasionally we would see an old deer roaming around, coming down to drink. Of course it was out of season but in those days we had no seasons for game. Necessity knows no law and whenever a man wanted meat he took it in. We finally reached the mill in July and almost the first person I met when the raft arrived at the mill was the man whose leg I had set, and no surgeon had a more grateful patient. I rested up for a week or two

and visited with my friends. During the winter I had acquired such a habit of speaking nothing but French that when I came out and my friends asked me a question in English I would answer them in that language, much to their disgust. It is astonishing how easily a man can forget his mother tongue, or at least the habit of using it. It took me some weeks before I would think to reply to a man in English when asked a question, and even to this day the French expressions will often come to my tongue unwittingly.

That summer I joined a young fellow and we opened a store, an entirely new experience for me. My father furnished me some money to put into the business, but being inexperienced and having to depend entirely upon my partner, who gambled and drank, the business soon went to the dogs, and I went out again that fall with my old friend Jim, the trapper. After trapping as we did the fall before for rats, in September we made up our minds that we would travel about 300 miles north to an uninhabited section of the country and a lake, where he had been hunting before. That was a very exciting time for me. We took our canoes wherever we could, sometimes portaging around rapids and paddling against strong streams. We rarely pitched a tent on the entire trip, as we were in a hurry to reach the trapping grounds. We had no accidents

nor any startling adventures on our trip up. The place that Jim selected for us to go and camp was near a beaver dam between two lakes, an ideal spot for a hunter's cabin. It seemed as if all the deer in the country passed back and forth between those two lakes, it was so tracked up. Here we pitched our tent, but as we were to put in the whole winter there, a tent was out of the question, so we decided to build a little cabin. We cut down logs about six inches through, some of them quite close to the ground where we intended to build, and it was no time till we had a little shack 12 by 14 feet. The poles for the door were split and hewn; the roof was made as previously described for the lumber shanty, with the exception that we had no caboose in the middle of the cabin. We found some very fine clay close to one of the lakes which we kneaded with grass, just as one would knead dough, and made it in similarly shaped loaves or bricks, and built a fireplace and chimney in the corner. It was one of the cutest little cabins that ever two men entered. It was about the 10th of October when we completed it, then we immediately set to work getting out a line of traps, but as the lakes did not freeze for two or three weeks later, we were compelled to use our canoes. We found a great number of beaver on this ground and several otter slides. We were doing very well

with beaver, rats, mink and otter in spite of being limited to a small area, until the winter set in. Every morning we would start out on our rounds and gather our furs, when time permitted; skinning them where we caught them and taking home just the pelts. Occasionally we would take home the hind quarters of a beaver or two for a stew, and a mighty tasty stew it made, especially when there was a piece of the tail put in. After we had supper we spent the evening fleshing and stretching our skins, which would leave a strong, musky smell in the cabin. We had no candles or coal oil. We made a "spit" out of deer tallow and that furnished a glimmer of light, but most of our light we got from fat pine knots which we burned in the fire. We would take an axe, roll over some old pine log that was decayed, split the fat knots out of it and break them up into small pieces, and while one was skinning and fleshing, the other would feed the fuel on the fire, giving a bright light all over the cabin. Our bunk in the corner was two logs, piled one on the other at the side, and the interior filled with beaver meadow hay. In these days of mattresses and feather beds, one might think that that was an uncomfortable bed, but I would give a great deal to get such good nights' rest as I had then. I have hunted and trapped with a good many companions during my 40 years on the frontier, but never did I meet a more

congenial companion than old Jim. From the time we left the settlement until we returned to it the following March we never had a cross word. We had several extraordinary incidents during the winter.

One morning we awoke hearing a rat tat tat just outside, and we could not imagine what the rattling was. There was a rattle of bones and then it would stop and once again the stamping of feet. It was barely daylight, but we opened the door and peeped out to see what was going on, and here we saw two monarchs of the glen, old Virginia bucks, fighting to the death. One could imagine one of them coming along the path and meeting the other, telling him to get out of the road, the other fellow saying, "I have just as much right here as you have," the first one replying, "Well, I will show you." Wild animals are very little different from human beings. They are forever asserting their rights and trying to make good by force of arms. These two evidently had decided to fight it out, and the snow all around the door was covered with froth and blood. They took no notice of us when we looked out upon them, and we watched them fight as eagerly as any Spaniard ever watched a bull fight. We stood with rifle in hand, shivering in the cold, frosty morning, only about half clad, watching those two deer struggling for their lives. At last the larger one, for one was considerably

larger than the other, slipped past the other's guard and drove his brown antler into the flank of his adversary. The smaller deer immediately fell, and before he could rise again, I threw my rifle to my shoulder and broke the neck of the victor. Jim did the same for the one that was down, and we had two fat, fine carcasses without having to carry them in.

It was our custom to walk out to the lake and when we reached it to separate, each taking a different course. We had out a string of traps covering some twenty miles and it was quite an undertaking to make the round trip in a day. We would each go around about ten miles and meet at a certain point, and if we had a few pelts or large animals we usually skinned them on the spot, as the carcasses were too heavy to carry. Sometimes the sun would be sinking and we would have to carry our game in whole and skin it at the camp. One morning, shortly after parting in the early fall, before the bears had holed up for the winter, I was walking along the shore of the lake when, looking through a thicket toward the end of a log where I had a trap, I saw a black bear lying down licking his paw. I immediately turned back and went to Jim. He laughed at me when I told him I thought I had a bear in my mink trap. The trap had been set in a hollow log, and the bear, when reaching in for the bait, had got the trap

caught around one of his toes, and when we returned to the spot he was still licking that paw. Jim, being the most experienced woodsman, raised his old muzzle loading rifle and planted a bullet into the bear's ear. The first spasmodic jerk of his leg he shook off the trap, and the only way we could account for his having remained so long with it on was that he must have been suffering from the pressure of it, and every step he took hurt him that much more. The trap was only fastened to a light clog so that he had no difficulty in moving it wherever he wanted to go, but he had not gone more than twenty feet from where it was set. That day we didn't get any fur at all. We spent our time fleshing the bear skin and cutting up and carrying home our meat. It was a bad plan to leave our traps over a day, because there were many wolverines in that country and the rascals had a great fashion of making the rounds of our traps for us. It would make no difference whether it was a $5.00 mink or a $1.50 fox, he would just as soon tear one as the other. I have known a wolverine to follow the trail of a trapper and turn over trap after trap without getting caught. They seem to know exactly when there is a bait where the trap should be and can avoid it without any trouble. They would follow our snow shoe tracks later on in the winter, and in that way two of them met their death. By setting two large No.

4 traps, one on each side of a log, with a clog attached to them, when Mr. Wolverine came along in the trail he would climb the log and drop off on the other side and find himself fast in a double spring trap. If the trap had been made fast, he is so powerful that he undoubtedly would have gotten away, and I have known one to drag a heavy clog for many miles.

The only living beings we saw during the winter were some shanty men that were taking out logs near the head of the upper Ottawa River. When we had more deer than we knew what to do with, we would put one on to a tobaggan that we had made and haul it over to this shanty where we would trade it for $2.00 worth of pork or beans. The winter wore along, and by spring we had accumulated nearly a thousand dollars worth of fur, and when the break up came the question was how were we going to get out. We had our canoes there, but canoes were useless owing to the ice and we could not leave them because we might need them before we got back, so we made two toboggans, pretty rough affairs made only with an axe, but they would at least slide over the snow with our packs until the snow left us. These we woud haul as far as we could during the day and then go back and bring up our canoes. We were obliged to use our tent to cover up our furs as they must be protected

THE COUNTRY WAS ALIVE WITH PRAIRIE CHICKEN

from wet no matter how wet we got ourselves. We would turn our canoes over, cut some boughs and make a bed underneath the canoe at night. Sometimes we were wet for days at a time, but we had no means of drying our clothes or remedying matters, so there was nothing to do but make the best of it and we were mighty glad when we got to the river and found the ice had broken up sufficiently to get back into a canoe. In this way we were enabled to get down into a settlement but we could not cross the lakes, as they had not yet broken up, so leaving our canoes at the first settler's house, we engaged him with his oxen to take us down to our destination. Here we once more reached civilization, if we could call this little jumping off place by such a name. During my stay at this little town I had made friends with some pretty fast company and while I had made some money myself, yet it was nothing like sufficient for my extravagant habits. I had learned to play cards and drink whiskey with the best of them, and many a night have I sat far into the night and gone home poorer in the morning. An incident happened at this time that made me look myself squarely in the face. I woke up one morning after one of these nights of debauch and I said to myself, "Young man, you are hitting the high road to the devil, cut it out." I

knew it was impossible for me to cut it out while living in that village and among those companions and yet to leave there I had to leave all my most valued treasures, my canoes, my hounds, my traps, and worse than all the hunting ground that I had enjoyed so often, but I made up my mind that something had to be done, so I sold out everything and got on the boat headed for Port Hope on Lake Ontario. I made up my mind here to settle down to business, and for a few months I stuck steadily to it. I got employment without any trouble as bookkeeper in a grocery store and soon became proficient in the business, so much so that the boss intrusted me largely with the buying for the establishment. I remained with him during the summer and everything ran pretty smoothly, but the more I saw of the man I was working for the more I despised him. He made a great pretense of being very religious, but would stoop to small things to cheat his customers. He would fly into a passion if we failed to keep water continually around the sugar barrels, for in those days there were three grades of sugar kept underneath the counter, and if they were allowed to dry out, the barrels seldom held out in their weights, and it was astonishing the amount of water that a barrel of sugar would absorb only sprinkled on the floor underneath it. One day I saw him giving a short measure to

a customer, and thinking he had made a mistake, I mentioned the matter. He flew into a passion and told me to mind my own business. One word led to another and I told him that I certainly would mind my own business in the future, that I was not going to be a party to the underhanded tricks that were going on in that store. I promptly left him and he spent the entire day following in going from store to store and blacklisting me. I had not saved up much money and had previously written to my father, when he asked me what I was doing with the money he sent me and told him that if he could not send me money without asking questions about it he could keep it. So that source of supply was shut off and I have always looked back on that as being one of the best things that ever happened to me. Day by day I tramped the town seeking work, meeting rebuff after rebuff, until I got two weeks in arrears of my board. The lady with whom I was boarding told me that she couldn't afford to keep me any longer. I told her that I would get work that day somewhere and I struck out for the docks. All the old drunkards and toughs of the town infested this place and when a vessel would come in they would load her for so much an hour and immediately repair to the barroom and drink up what they had made. The wages usually ran from 15c. to 75c. an hour, according to the number

of schooners awaiting to be loaded, as they all wanted to get away as rapidly as possible. Shoving lumber from a dock all day is certainly hard work, but I was making some money and I realized that if I could take a little money to the boarding house mistress that night I could get a new lease on my room. I happened to strike a lucky day and our wages had been running on an average of about 40c. an hour and I had got in some nine hours that day. As I was only paying $3.00 a week for my board, I was able to pay up one week's board with that one day's work and had enough left to buy a dinner pail, which I had the landlady fill the next morning and returned to the dock. Of all the experiences I had among working people, that was the most varied. On this dock were all classes and conditions of men and women. The men who came down to earn enough to get liquor were the very lowest possible class, the scum of humanity, and they simply worked long enough, some of them, to get all the whiskey they could get, and men and women would lie down behind lumber piles in a drunken debauch, the women hanging around for the sake of the whiskey they got. These old duffers called me the tony kid, because I would not join them in their sprees. I had other use for my money. I remained at this work for several weeks, my swell friends around town continually

asking me where I was working, and I as continually evading the answer. I would tell them that I was having a good time taking the world easy, whereas, as a matter of fact, I was putting in some of the hardest work I ever did in my life. I could always depend upon getting work whenever a vessel came in because the masters of the vessels knew that I would not go off and get drunk. So sometimes when there was only one or two vessels came into the port during the day I always got 15, 20 and sometimes 25 cents an hour. Some of the masters, realizing that I was dependable, would give me 25 cents and tell me not to say anything about it. Other days when a fair wind would come and all the schooners wanted to take advantage of it with a large number of vessels in, we have had as high as $1.25 an hour, but when the vessels were paying those wages the news flew like wild fire up town and the people who would flock down to the dock to look for work was astonishing. One day while I was at work there, a friend of mine came down to see about one of the schooners that was loaded. Whenever I saw anybody like that coming down I always dodged and hid behind a lumber pile until they disappeared, but this day we were getting such big wages that I was intent only upon the money I was getting and never noticed him until he said, "Hello, Jim, what are you doing down

here?" The cat was out of the bag. I knew very well that if he told it up town where he had seen me working there were no more invitations for me, but he happened to be a mighty good fellow, and when I told him how I had been used by the grocer I worked for and that I just simply had to do something, he said, "Well, you come over to my office and I will find you work that will keep you going all winter." He had large grain warehouses and set me to work buying barley for him. As the lake was about to freeze up this was a perfect godsend to me, because the "dock walloping" was pretty nearly at an end. I remained with him for several weeks in the fall, and in October I met a colonel who was getting recruits for the Northwest mounted police, and this, of course, appealed to my gypsy nature.

Before we leave Port Hope I must tell of one or two experiences I had while staying there. Always the same dare devil nature, I had to see how near I could come to getting into the clutches of the police without quite doing it. One time the chief of police came into our store where I was working and a discussion arose regarding a man who had been masquerading as a woman. This man was a murderer and had been teaching school dressed up as a girl for two years. The old chief of police was particularly proud of his force and said that he would like to see a man walk the streets of that

town dressed as a woman and his policemen not pick him up within twenty-four hours. After he had left the store I made the remark that the old man made me very tired, always blowing about his police force, and immediately an argument arose as to whether it was possible to traverse the streets in woman's garb. I offered to bet a fellow that I could walk from the top of one hill to the top of another and back again, a distance of about four or five miles there and back, and never be detected. He immediately covered my bet of $100.00 and we drew up an agreement as to the way it was to be carried out. It must be remembered that in those days women's clothes could not be bought ready made, and I had not counted upon this when I made the bet. However, I had some girl friends who were willing to aid me, and they undertook to make and lend clothes to fit me. I don't think I shall ever forget the day that I got into those corsets. It seemed as if I didn't get one good breath from the time I got into them to the time I got out of them. On the day appointed we started out, the two girls and myself, and it was hard to tell one from the other, we were dressed so alike. About every few steps that we took, the girls, one on each side, would pull at my sleeve and say, "don't take such long steps, you will give us away." When we got down to the bottom of the first hill we stood gaz-

ing into the store windows and there met a policeman to whom I daily gave cigars. One of the girls knew him and introduced me as her cousin from another town. I smiled as sweetly as I knew how, bowed, but said nothing. The girls did all the talking, and I stood there with beads of perspiration oozing out of me for fear this fellow would recognize me. I realized then how many things a veil hides, for if I had not worn one I am sure he would have known me. We soon left and went on our journey, and it seemed as if everybody I knew in town was out on the street that day. We could only take a few steps without meeting somebody that I knew. However, they passed me one after another without a sign of recognition, and there were a few of them who would have thought it a mighty good joke to see me run in by the police. We made the trip in about four hours, and I never walked four hours again in such torture. All I wanted to do was to get back to the house as fast as possible and get out of those clothes. All things come to an end and so did that journey, and the young man who had made the bet walked up and told the stake holder to pass over the money. I had agreed to divide my share with the girls, and I certainly think they earned it. As soon as we got into the house I said, "Oh, girls, help me to get out of these duds." "Why, no," they said, "there is no hurry

about it. We have asked a few friends to come up tonight and have a little dance and we expect to be short of girls." And those miserable girls kept me in those clothes until three o'clock the next morning. My ribs were sore for a week afterwards.

On Lake Ontario there was an old man who used to put out nets for lake trout. He was considered pretty cranky and the boys about the town used to tease him and, of course, we had to do our share. He had a marine telescope with which he used to watch anyone sailing near his nets at a distance of some two or three miles. Three of us boys had built a flat bottomed sail boat which was very speedy and it was our delight when we went sailing to sail straight for his buoy and make believe we were overhauling his nets. We would immediately see his big white sail go up and see him heading for us. He naturally thought we were stealing his fish, for which we hadn't a particle of use. As soon as we saw him coming we made for the shore and he would try to overtake us in order to examine our boat and see that we had not got any of his fish. We could sail where he would run aground, and it was our dodge to get in as near a shoal as possible. The old man, in the excitement of the chase, would forget where he was sailing, and the first thing he knew the bow of his boat would grate on the mud, much to our delight. We would

turn tail and sail home, leaving him stuck there. He tried to get the police to arrest us, but it was perfectly useless because we never had anything to be arrested for. We would haul up a fish so that he could see it with his glass, and he naturally supposed it was in one of our lockers, but we never took one.

Orders came for us to be ready to march to the great Northwest on the 8th of October, and my friends came down to the depot and saw us off. We reached Toronto that night and on the 10th started on our northward march for Fort Garry, now the thriving city of Winnipeg. I was considerably better fitted for such a march than some of the men who had enlisted, as my experience in the woods trapping had taught me how to take care of myself in all weathers. The first part of our journey was easy. We went by rail to Collingwood and from there we took a steamer across Lake Superior, and Oh! such a seasick crowd. Once again my past experiences came to my rescue and I was one of the very few who were able to eat my meals during the trip. I have crossed the Atlantic and sailed the North Sea, but I never saw a meaner water than Lake Superior is when she is stormy. We reached Prince Arthur's Landing near Silver Islet, and there we heard of the first use of nitroglycerine. A large mining company at that time was working the Silver Islet Mines

and they had sent their manager, an old Scotchman, a can of this new explosive and asked him to give it a careful test. The report of the test was related to us. The old man went away up above the town, had two men dig a hole ten feet deep, carefully lowered the can of nitroglycerine into it, called all hands to safety and touched the button. An explosion followed that shook the earth for miles around, and the canny Scot wrote back to the company saying, "I think that nitro-glycerine is an excellent thing to move earth in large quantities but I don't think it would work in the mine."

From here on our hardships began. By portage and boat we journeyed through Lake Shebandowan and over the rest of the Dawson route covered by General Wolsley, when he went to the relief of Fort Garry during the first Riel rebellion. When we reached Rainy Lake, we found a small steamer, and my surprise was great when I discovered in the purser an old chum from the first town I had visited when I reached Canada. When we got to Rainy River we found the Indians engaged in a little dog feast. We were all cordially invited to share in this dainty, but as prairie chickens were exceedingly abundant around there, I don't think that anybody accepted their generous offer. Doubtless there are times when dog meat looks pretty good to a man, but we had not reached that stage of the

game. While the pork in our commissary had become pretty strong and the hard-tack decidedly moldy, yet we had varied the rations, for the officers had carried along several boxes of beef for their own table and by some "strange accident" in unloading this beef the boxes would be dropped and the odor from the campfire at night certainly did not smell like pork. In addition to these boxes of beef they had some large kegs of whiskey, which they took especial care to watch over, but ninety men are pretty hard to watch. On one portage it was raining very hard and we all crawled down into the hold of a scow and were towed across the lake by voyagers, and when we reached the other side of the lake in the impenetrable darkness of that scow the whiskey in the last keg had miraculously turned to water. Great was the wrath of the officers, and threats of the court marshal, etc., was made, but they had little fear for us, for were we not policemen and not soldiers?

At Fort Francis on Rainy River stood another steamer for the passage to the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods. When one thinks of the wild state of the lake in those days and that now the islands are covered with summer homes of the wealthy people of Winnipeg, one can hardly realize that more than a generation has passed away since we crossed it. We reached the north-west angle, and the hardest work of

the trip began. The ground was frozen just sufficiently to cut your shoes and legs wherever you went through, and between corduroy roads and frozen hummocks, we all began to get lame. The second morning we were unable to get our boots on. Our feet were swollen and cut and the boots were wet, and many of us tore up our clothes and wrapped our feet in them to protect them from ice and frozen mud. It was a painful tramp and a cold one. At last Point du Chien was reached and the snow was falling thick enough so that we were able to take sleighs from there to St. Boniface, where we arrived about six o'clock in the evening of November 2d, having been twenty-three days on the trip from Toronto. That day at noon the Red River had frozen over, and as it was freezing at night about 40 below zero, two of the men undertook to go over to Fort Garry, crossing that quarter of a mile of water on ice that was barely an inch thick. They took 16 ft. flooring, and one in each hand, they crawled across that ice and returned with eight bottles of rum, 40 above proof, from the Hudson Bay Fort. We were housed that night in an old barn belonging to the Roman Catholic bishop, and a bunch of tired men curled up on piles of straw on the ground. The rum was passed around and for a short time we felt warm after taking a swallow of it, but as the effect of it wore off later in the

night we realized what it meant when they afterwards told us that to take liquor in the winter in that country was almost like committing suicide. Many a poor fellow has gone to his death from the mistaken idea that if he only had some whiskey with him he would keep warm. The following morning we all arose stiff and cold and wishing ourselves back on the shores of Lake Ontario or some other warmer place, but after having breakfast, which tasted pretty good after the moldy pork and musty hard-tack that we had been "enjoying" previously, we all felt in a good humor. The sun shone brightly and we had our first taste of 40 below zero weather. One of the largest men that Winnipeg has ever known, the Honorable James McKay, came across that ice to greet us and we wondered how it was possible for one night's ice to carry such a ponderous weight, but we afterwards learned that an inch and a half of ice in the fall was tougher and stronger than four feet in the spring. A number of cow hides were brought across by half-breeds and our baggage was loaded on to these hides and we were told not to gather in too compact a body but to spread out all over the ice, and with long ropes attached to these hides we pulled all our baggage across the river. It certainly was a novel experience, using dried cow hides for sleighs, but in after years I have many times tied a horse to the

neck of a steer hide by his tail and driven for miles across the prairie in this unique sled, often taking the whole family out on it. We reached Fort Garry shore and immediately made our way up to the barracks where several companies of infantry were quartered. In those days any stranger coming into the country was like getting a budget of news from the outside world, and we met many people whose friends we knew in the East. The boys at the Fort made us right welcome and we sat down to one good square meal at noon that day. As soon as the meal was over we were hustled into sleighs and started on a 22 mile journey for lower Fort Garry, where the mounted police were to be quartered that winter. That was one of the hardest winters that I ever put in the Northwest. The thermometer sometimes registered 55 to 56 degrees below zero. Our winter was put in with drills, riding bucking bronchos, caring for our horses and amusing ourselves around the barracks. There were one or two calls for our services during the entire winter and the writer was one of those who volunteered to go on one of those trips. We were out after men who were selling whiskey to Indians and we knew that they were armed with the latest repeating rifles, which, while an obsolete weapon now, was vastly superior to the single shot carbine that we were carrying. Our weapon was not only

inaccurate but only fired one shot, while they could fire sixteen and at a short range their weapons were very effective. These men were said to be fortified where we could only approach them over glare ice, and the night before we went to take them I don't think any man of the five that were in the party slept a wink. As the question was not how dangerous, but when duty called there was no question as to whether we were going to certain death, the simple matter as we had been sent out to take those men and it was do or die. By some good luck they had heard of our coming. We had passed an old fisherman the day before and he had undoubtedly given them warning. All we had to do was spill their whiskey on the ground and return as fast as we could to the Fort. We had been gone five days and had dug holes in the snow to sleep in at one camp. When we reached the Fort with our cheeks frozen and the tips of our noses and ears, we learned that the thermometer had not gone above 50 below during our absence and that old lower Fort Garry is the coldest spot on the Red River. We played cards and gambled and took the world generally pretty easy until spring. In April the commanding officer came around with a paper for us to sign changing us from the police force to a military organization, being under the Queen's regulations. I objected strongly to this, and

several others, hearing my objection, followed suit and refused to continue in the force, except under the original conditions which we enlisted. We were told that unless we signed this paper there was only one alternative for us, namely, to get out of the force. A number of us had had about all we wanted of it and took the opportunity to leave. I had had some friends come up that spring from Ontario with the intention of joining the force, but I advised them to go out and take up a homestead, and as soon as I got out of the force I followed them to where they were. I left the force in April, 1874, and from that day on I was practically my own boss. I had saved some money while I was in the force and I bought a span of horses, a mower and rake. I went out on the prairies cutting hay for the settlers, and in August of that year I took up my first homestead, verifying the words that I had told my father before I left England, that before I was twenty-one I would be my own master.

At this time Manitoba was a sportsman's paradise. The country was alive with ducks, geese, prairie chickens, deer and moose, not mentioning innumerable black bear. My first winter on the place was my first real experience at keeping bach alone; though I can hardly say alone, because I had plenty of company all the time, but it was always with other bachelors who came

and paid me extended visits. I had not been long in the house before a friend of mine, who was a clergyman of the Church of England and lived at St. John's College at Winnipeg, suggested that if he could get a place to hold services he would come out every two weeks. I told him that he needn't lack for a place for services, that I had one large room that I thought would accommodate all the congregation he could muster. So he drove out early one Saturday and went around among the people and told them that he was going to hold a service there, and from that time on he held services regularly every two weeks, much to the amusement of the whole countryside. I rigged up an impromptu pulpit for him out of boxes and tables and he would come over every Saturday afternoon and stay with me over Saturday night, hold services the next morning at eleven o'clock and return to Winnipeg afterwards. This, of course, entailed my getting his Sunday dinner, and while he was preaching I was basting the ducks or the roast, whatever I might have in the oven, boiling the potatoes and preparing to satisfy the inner man before he would start on his journey. On one occasion the bishop accompanied him on one of his journeys and there were two or three baptisms and some confirmations held in my house. I didn't object at all to the services, in fact I rather enjoyed having them

there, but I did object to having to clean up the house always after the crowd got away. We used to have from twenty-five to forty people, and naturally they brought in more or less dirt with them. I made up my mind that something had to be done, that there had to be a change, so I proposed that we build a little log church, seeing that we had such a large congregation. In order to do so it was necessary to raise some money and I volunteered to go down and see a lady who I knew was in the habit of getting up concerts and entertainments for such purposes. I was most cordially greeted by the lady when I went into the house as soon as she learned my mission. She was quite enthusiastic over the project and told me that she would render me every assistance in her power. While I was talking to this lady there was another, a young lady, sitting in the room by the fire who was decidedly more attractive to me than the lady I was talking to at the time, although I had had no introduction. When I started from home I turned to one of my bachelor companions who had volunteered to look after my cattle while I should go out on this trip, and I told him that I was tired of this baching business and I proposed to get a wife. As a matter of fact, I had as much thought of seeing anybody or getting married as the bachelor friend I was leaving had, but

"there is a destiny that shapes our end, rough hew it as we may," and I little thought it was to be my destiny to meet the woman on that trip who was to be my companion for nearly forty years. I did not speak to the young lady, merely bowing to her as I left the room, but the keen eyed matron with whom I had been discussing church matters had suddenly discovered that Cupid had got in his work, and she told the young lady after I left, "My dear, that young man is smitten with you." The young lady remarked that it was perfectly absurd, that she hadn't even spoken to me, which was indeed true, but those dark eyes had done their deadly work and Cupid's dart had gone straight home. I was to come back on the following Saturday and report progress, and true to my promise I arrived in time for luncheon. I was cordially invited to remain over Sunday. It is unnecessary to enter into further details, as I said before, Cupid had done his work and done it well and before I left there on Tuesday morning I was engaged to be married to this young lady, who has made me a faithful wife and followed my wanderings all over the frontier. I was too dead in earnest to fool around long and we decided that there was no use having a long engagement and although we had only met on the 10th of March for the first time, we were married on the 27th of the following May. Wise

acre friends all said, "Marry in haste and repent at your leisure," but to the present time I have never had leisure to repent, but possibly my better half may have not been so fortunate so she keeps it a secret. I didn't tell my bachelor friends anything about it when I returned, but by some extraordinary means the news soon leaked out that there was something doing, but when I began having the house refitted there was no longer any guess about it.

On the 23d of May an old hunting companion came to me. He was a half-breed, one of the noblest specimens of manhood I ever knew. He said, "Boy Jim, we will soon have no more hunting together, come and let's go kill some waivies," as the arctic or snow goose is known in that country. I thought it would be a pretty nice thing to take some geese in with me when I went to get married, so I promptly agreed, and on the night of the 23d of May, old Jock and I slept out beside a willow bush and waited for the dawn to commence one of the greatest slaughters of geese that I ever had in all my hunting experience. The weather was fine and the geese began to fly at daylight. After the sun rose we could see one unbroken line of geese as far as the eye could trace them, all winding their way to the Arctic Circle for nesting. About 8 o'clock in the morning the wind suddenly changed to the northeast and a sleet and

snowstorm came up, making, as every hunter will appreciate, the most ideal weather for such sport. The geese didn't like to face the storm and commenced to drop into our decoys till the large marsh in which we were hunting, some 20 miles square, looked more like a snow bank than anything else. Wherever these large flocks of white geese would alight they gave the ground the appearance of having large snow drifts on it and the noise they made was almost deafening. We shot there all day long and when night came I wanted to go home, but with old Jock it was a matter of business, the more geese he got the more half dollars he got out of it. He knew that I couldn't use them and that I never sold any game, consequently he would get all we killed, except the few I wanted to take to Winnipeg with me. It was a bright night with magnificent aurora so we proposed to curl up in our blinds and sleep there, but sleep was out of the question. The noise that those geese made would have aroused a corpse. Every now and then they would fly over our decoys looking like black balls in the dim light. We would shoot at them and hear them splash in the water as they fell and in an instant the whole place, at the discharge of the guns, would be one screaming mass of geese. We would then shoot and shoot and shoot until we would drive them away again when they would

settle at the farthest end of the marsh. This was repeated at intervals during the night. We would shoot a little while, talk for a while and then Jock would say, "Boy, we had better have a cup of tea." We would then adjourn to the willow bush, kindle a fire, make a pot of tea in a little copper kettle, smoke for a while, then curl up in our blankets again and try to sleep. We had a poor chance to sleep though and it was a relief when day dawned once more, bright and clear. We knew that the geese would very soon start on their northward flight again. The wind was fair and the sun was just coming up when it seemed as if by one consent they all took wing. We killed a few and in a few minutes the sport was all ended. We decided that it was time to go home, and after gathering up our game and cleaning them we counted 186 geese. We loaded up our cart with as many as we could get into it, caching the rest, and started home. The following day I started in on the most eventful day of my life, taking with me a load of geese and other game. Before I left I had made arrangements with my neighbor to straighten up the house the best way possible and prepare something for the bride on her return, as we were to come right out to the ranch after the ceremony. Up to this time I had been using tin ware entirely for my meals, tin cups, tin plates, iron knives, but in preparation for the coming of

the bride I had ordered a stock of china, which had not yet arrived when I left but which I expected to be there before I got back on the evening of the 27th. However, the fates decreed such was not to be the case. We were married at noon on the 27th day of May, 1875, and the girl who had been one of the belles of all the parties turned her back on society forever. It took us two and one-half hours to drive to the log cabin that was to be our home, a matter of twenty miles, and when we got in I was dismayed to find that my freight had not yet arrived. but spread out on a little green table were the tin cups, dishes and the steel knives, some beautiful home-made bread and two fine, fat, roasted geese. Never shall I forget the delight with which I sat down to that meal. I presume a man can only experience once in a life time the joys of such a possession, and words fail to express it. It is astonishing after a man gets married how his bachelor friends will drop off. From having a constant stream of hangers on at the house we scarcely saw anybody. Our neighbors were all busy like ourselves, improving their little places and struggling to make a living, and the struggle in those days was a hard one. For several years the grasshoppers took everything, but when the harvests did begin to come in they were abundant. Exciting events were few and far between, but about every year our little

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family increased, and when we had three, two girls and a boy, we sold the home we had gone into at first and got more land and a better house, and here the rest of our family were born, with the exception of one who came later in life. We had had eleven years of this cold Manitoba weather, where winter sets in in October and lasted until May and we decided that we would like a warmer climate. It was here we made the mistake of our lives, for in order to obtain it we went to Texas, losing what money we had and our health as well. It was a fatal mistake and one that no northern man should ever make. A man who has lived in those cold climates is ill adapted for the climates of the south, and it usually ruins his health. We remained in Texas but six months and in that time the entire family was taken down sick, some with pneumonia and all with malarial fever from which the writer has never recovered. We were advised to take a wagon and drive across the Indian Territory to the Ozark Mountains. So purchasing a pair of mules and a wagon and procuring a tent I started out for a summer camping trip, and certainly it is a most delightful journey to go by wagon through that paradise of flowers and vegetation, beautiful rippling streams of clear water with abundance of fuel and feed for the stock. One could hardly imagine a more beautiful country for camping out in.

With our northern ideas of bathing we took advantage of every clear stream we came to, little thinking that we were doing the very worst thing that was possible. Those poor little children would come out of that water and shake with the ague until their hair would stand on end. We caught numberless fish and lots of quail along the road and one place we learned a novel way of fishing. A railroad embankment had changed the course of a river and as the streams are small in that section of the country, instead of bridging it twice they would simply cut a new channel for the stream, thereby leaving an elbow of the old river. This place was said to be full of buffalo fish, and in the evening a large herd of cattle came down to drink and these cattle were driven up and down in this elbow, making it so muddy that the fish were driven to the top of the river and all we had to do was just rake them in. It seemed as if the whole countryside was down there fishing, but it had one objection, not only would the fish come to the top of the water, but a large number of moccasin snakes as well. We were camping on the bank of this pool and my wife had two of the babies lying on a blanket with the fever after the chill had passed off. I heard a scream and ran back to camp to find that a large moccasin snake, frightened by the cattle, had come up out of the water and

glided around our camp fire between the two little children and the fire. My wife at all times had a holy horror of snakes, and seeing the children in peril, naturally made the mother afraid. That country is full of reptiles of all kinds. We came upon a man one day who had killed two large rattle snakes. They were both over six feet long and over three inches in diameter, the diamond back type of rattler. Wherever we would camp we would find tarantulas, and if there were any logs about we would generally find centipedes. I saw there the largest centipede that I ever saw or heard of, and it has been one long regret that I did not preserve it. I held it down under a stick on a log and the breadth of the scales of its back were over an inch, and when its legs were extended its reach must have been nearly five inches. At the time I was not aware that that was a large specimen. I thought that there were lots more like it, but I have never yet seen or heard of one of such prodigious size.

We had abundance of quail as we journeyed along but the one thing that I longed most to see were the turkeys that I had heard so much about. One day when driving along by a corn field, we noticed a flock of turkeys sitting on a fence and they allowed us to approach within a few feet of them. I had just remarked that I wished those were wild turkeys. What a splendid

shot I could have had as they sat on the top of the rail fence craning their necks and looking at the wagon lumbering along. There was a house at a short distance ahead and I naturally supposed that the housewife was the owner of those turkeys, and it was not until they took wing and flew off into the timber that I realized we had missed one of the daintiest tid-bits of our trip. It was very amusing to see the natives of this part of the country. Wherever we would camp they would come down to visit us, and the men would sit on their heels and talk by the hour together. They usually had about two garments on them, a pair of ragged trousers that were hanging in shreds below the knees, and a shirt with sleeves, in like condition, but happier people I don't think I ever saw. They didn't seem to have a care. If you would ask a person today how they were, it is ten chances to one they would tell you that they were either going to have a chill or just gotten over one, or else had one due for the next day. They seemed to have no higher ambition in the world than to get out into the woods and kill a razor back hog. We had the pleasure of seeing one of these animals dressed. They hunted around till they found one they thought big enough and then shot it. They immediately built a fire in the woods just where the animal fell, and picking it up by the forelegs and the hindlegs, two men

would swing it backwards and forwards over the fire until the coarse bristles that these hogs had were all singed off. It was then disemboweled and taken home. The next proceeding was to start to the mill with a sack of corn across the front of the saddle or probably bare back, and return later with a bag of meal. A few eggs would be sent to the store and traded for sugar and tea, for which they received the enormous price of 4 cents per dozen. The sum of their happiness was now complete. Corn pone, bacon and tea is all that a mountain Arkansan needs to make him happy.

We reached Fayetteville in August and here I was taken down with a sickness that lasted three months and from which I never expected to recover. The doctor told me that if ever I got well enough to drive to the station I should go north as fast as possible or I would certainly die in that climate. Finally I was able to get a neighbor to drive me down to town, and here I sold our little bunch of stock, consisting of two mules, wagon and harness, pony and a cow. This cow we had picked up along the road in order that the children might have milk. As soon as I had sold these things I went to the station to buy my ticket to St. Paul, and was dismayed to find that it took nearly all the money I had left, but it was a desperate chance and I made up my mind to get on the train anyway, so I bought

two tickets and a half to carry myself, wife and six children. I was trembling when the conductor came around and I handed him my tickets. He looked at me for a minute or two and finally said, "You don't think you can take six children on a half ticket, do you?" The whole family was pretty small but it was a hard proposition to make a man believe that they were all under five years of age but one, and I decided not to make the attempt. I told him that I had spent all the money I had with the exception of about $3.00 and I needed that to buy food for them on the way up. I explained to him that I was under the doctor's order to immediately start back north or die, and as I weighed only 120 lbs. it didn't require much to convince him. He passed along and said he would see me as he came back, and when he returned I told him that the only thing that I saw for him to do was to put off such of the children that he thought could not ride. He looked at me for a minute or two and then remarked that as far as he went they could all ride and he further arranged with the conductor that took us on from St. Louis to see that we should all ride to St. Paul. One has to go through such an experience as this to realize what it means to get back to the north, flat broke, and only thankful that you are alive. I wanted to go still farther north but as my little funds were reduced to less than $3.00

it was out of the question for me to buy a ticket, but through the kindness of the president of the G. N. Railway we were given a pass and so reached our destination on the second day of November, 1885, in a snowstorm and the thermometer that night at 40 below zero. We were strangers, knew nobody in the little village, and all we had in our pocket was some $2.25. It is such experiences as these that makes one realize what a good world we are living in. The first man I met as I stepped off the train was the Presbyterian minister and he saw my weakened condition. I was then only three days off a bed of fever. He stopped me on the street and asked what was the matter with me, and when I told him he suggested that we go back to the fire in the station, where I had left my wife and children. He thought that was about as hard a proposition as he ever ran up against, to see a man coming into a country weighing 120 lbs., whose normal weight was nearly 200 lbs., and with six children on his hands and $2.25 in his pocket. The marvel of it all was that the mother had borne up during all this trying ordeal, but the three days and two nights of a sleepless journey had brought her to the verge of a collapse. Something had to be done and done quickly as the afternoon was wearing on, and I learned from this minister of a house that was vacant belonging to an

old lady who lived out in the country. Her son-in-law worked in a printing office in the village and to him this good samaritan took me. He made no objection to our going into the house and gave us the key. I was told where a new stove was upset out of a wagon and broken and was lying by this minister's fence. He told me that it would make heat at least but it might not bake, but how was I to get that stove? An Englishman appeared on the scene who had a team and he immediately enlisted his services to help me draw the stove to the house. On our way for the stove I discovered some stove pipes underneath some steps and I tried my best to find out who they belonged to; I could not, and as we came back with the stove I threw them into the wagon, leaving word where they could be found. By the time I had got back to the house and had the stove inside I was nearly all in; I turned to my wife and said, "Girlie, let's die," the first and only time in my life that I was willing to give up. The plucky little woman said, "No, we must fight for our children." The children at this time were all curled up in the bed clothes on the feather bed on the floor, for we had brought our bedding and baggage with us. As soon as my wife rose to put up the stove pipes this roused me too, and I made another effort. We had just got the stove up and sent over to the neighbor's to borrow an armful of

wood when the lady next door, who had learned of our condition, came to us with a tray of fried rabbit, tea and toast. I have always thought that that tray of food saved our lives, and if all the blessings we have wished her have been her lot she certainly had never lacked for anything in this world. Things at this time looked pretty black but the blackest cloud has a silver lining and so we found. At that time it looked very hard, but taken in their right light such experiences do us a great deal of good. We learned at this time many lessons, principally among them the value of a dollar, and we also learned that this is a pretty good old world we live in, full of the milk of human kindness. It is no trouble for any of us to have friends in abundance when we have a pocketful of shining gold but the number of friends that were raised up to us in our hour of affliction made us realize how much such friendship should be prized. My strength was slowly returning, and after we had been there about three weeks I made up my mind that something had to be done. We had offered some of our trinkets and jewelry as security for groceries but they were as promptly refused and we were given all the credit we needed. I noticed in moving about the town that there were a large number of Scandinavians there who were unable to read, write or speak the English language, except very brokenly, and one

day I suggested to one of them that they would have a much better chance in America if they knew more about the language. He replied that they would gladly learn but there was no one to teach them. I told them that if they would rent a hall or a room, make some rough tables and benches and get some lamps, that I would teach them two hours every evening for five cents a lesson each, thus placing it within the means of the poorest of them. My school opened most auspiciously. I had thirty-five pupils on the opening night, who I taught all winter. Every night when they came they would drop a nickel in my hat and I already began to feel as if I was in the millionaire class. Our wealth only goes by comparison, and from nothing to $1.65 a day was certainly a jump to affluence. As I began to get stronger, I thought I would reach out a little farther, and while sitting in one of the stores one day I noticed a merchant going over his books and I saw a very pitiful condition of bookkeeping. As a matter of fact his books or accounts had not been made up for nine or ten years, and he had no more idea what he was worth than the man who was working for him, and not any of them would have guessed within several thousand dollars. His customers were in like condition. They would come in and make a purchase of goods, have it charged to their account

and possibly pay something on that account every time they came in. As long as they made some payments their credit was good. I told this merchant that he ought to have his books made up. He said he would but he couldn't afford to send to St. Paul for a bookkeeper. I asked him what he would give me to make up his books for him, and thinking he was making a very magnanimous offer, he told me that if it would not take very long he would give me $2.50 a day. I told him that in my enfeebled condition I didn't think I could work a day but I would come to him for 25 cents an hour and he paid me for just as many half hours as I worked. I have made up many a set of books, but such a tangled, conglomeration of figures it has never been my misfortune to run across. Between the merchant, his clerk and his customers I managed to slowly get the matter straightened out, and accounts that were outlawed for years I got the customers to renew by giving their "notes." They were all honest men and would pay if they had the money, so it was not a difficult matter to get them to sign notes for the account. In this way I collected some $9,000.00 for the man that he never could have collected through the courts. When I completed his balance sheet he was amazed to find that he was worth something like $20,000, and he immediately made preparations of disposing

of his business and leaving for the old country. His generosity was of a very peculiar type. I had saved him or made for him the matter of some $9,000 that he never could have collected in the world, and he "generously" gave me 25 cents an hour. However, I was gaining strength and some days I made as much as $4.00 together with my night school, and I thought it was time we were getting into a more comfortable house, for the one we had been in since we came there in November was so full of holes that the snow drifted in and every morning we had to thaw out the bread before we could get breakfast, or cut it with the axe. When I started out to build this little house I discovered how many friends I had in that town. Some of my Masonic friends, knowing of the struggles, chipped in together and made up a nice purse for me, but the thing that pleased me most and touched me most deeply during all our experiences there was the fact that one night at my night school I had some extra pupils come and was surprised to see forty men instead of thirty-five, and each as he came in walked to my hat and instead of as usual throwing down a nickel with a ring into the hat they laid it carefully in the bottom so that there was no sound. I thought from their looks that there was something strange going on, but I had no idea what it was. I had one young man, who I was

teaching bookkeeping, who came earlier than the rest, and I was busily engaged with him when the rest came in and it was some time after the school had opened that I wandered over to where my hat was and discovered forty silver dollars in it. I could scarcely find words to express the pleasure that I felt, not only did I need the forty dollars badly but it was nice to know that my efforts in their behalf had been appreciated. In addition to the money that was given to me, several parties turned out and helped me build my house, and while it was a little, small, one-roomed affair, it was snug and warm and we enjoyed a great deal of comfort in it the rest of the winter. We all have painful moments come to us in our lives but I think one of the hardest moments of my life was when I had to turn around one day to my family during this trying period and tell them that I was sorry I had nothing better for them to eat, and placed a slice of bread on each plate with a glass of water. One of them, a little brighter than the rest, spoke up and said, "It is quite a change to have bread without butter," and made a great joke of it. The real fact of the matter was, we all felt so thankful to think we had reached the north once again alive, that we forgot our trials in the matter of food and such little things as that, and the one thing of all others that sustains everywhere is that "hope that springs eternal in

the human breast." We had every confidence in ourselves and the kindness we received in that trying ordeal taught us that there was no danger of starvation at least. I continued keeping books and my night school until spring, then the boys had to go to work and the nights were too short to have any more school. During this period I had saved up enough money to purchase a cow, from which we had enough milk and butter for our family and sold cream and milk to the neighbors. I got odd jobs to do around the town, sometimes in the stores, sometimes cutting wood, and all the time regaining that most precious of all things, my health. I had had a lot of experience in ranching in Manitoba and I decided that the easiest place to get started again was out on a ranch, so I advertised in an eastern paper for a party to put in sheep with me on shares and was fortunate in getting a man. We moved out in August, some twenty miles east of the village, to the country that was then a frontier with here and there a scattering settler. We took our little band of four hundred sheep and pitched our tent like an Arab on the bank of a lake. Here we built a small log cabin about 14 by 20 feet. It had one good quality, it was warm. The roof was covered with sod, and when it rained the rain would come seeping through in different places and after it got through raining outside it

still remained raining in the house because all the water that had soaked into the sod had to drip through. But the rainy season was almost over and during the winter it was perfectly dry and warm but pretty small quarters for eight people, even if six were small. Our troubles were not over by a long way. We had barely got settled in our new home when one of the worst prairie fires that ever visited Minnesota came down upon us. The ground was dry and parched after a very dry season, and not only did the grass burn on the surface but the roots remained burning long after the first snow fell in the winter. Thousands of acres of sod were turned into a foot deep of ashes and the foolish sheep would step into these places and burn their hoofs. We were reduced to putting our sheep out on a swamp where the roots had not burned and where the warm days started the grass again, and between eating browse and this swamp grass they managed to exist until winter came on, but the wet ground caused them to contract epizotic catarrh and we saw our little bunch dwindling away under this dread disease during that long trying winter until we had but 52 left in the spring. In the early fall I went out with my rifle and killed some deer so that we had plenty of meat. I also caught an otter and some other fur, which brought us some money, but our needs were very pressing, and to add to all

our other troubles on the 26th day of January a little stranger arrived in our family. We were fourteen miles away from the nearest doctor and no one but a bachelor lived within five miles of us. I sent my little boy, then seven years old, to get this man to take the team and go for a doctor, not knowing whether the little fellow would reach the cabin or not. It was impossible for me to leave my wife and I had to take the chance. However, he returned bringing the man with him and I immediately hitched up the team and he started on that fourteen mile drive across an open prairie where in many places the drifts were more than belly deep on the horses. He started on Monday morning and did not reach my house until Tuesday afternoon. The doctor told me that there was very small hope, but on the following day the little fellow arrived and for six long weeks, and they were long ones, I had to nurse my wife back to life with no more help than my little nine year old girl. We can look back now and laugh at the hardships that we have gone through, but when one thinks of having to feed and care for a bunch of sick sheep, to milk the cow, feed the horses, get up the wood to keep the house warm, to cook and wash and care for a sick mother and her baby and six little children and in addition to all this, have to take my gun and go out in the woods and hunt for grouse, because it was the only food

OUR SHEEP PROSPERED

that my wife could eat, I often wonder as I look back on that time where the strength came from to do it. At the time these things seem very hard, but looking back on them at this time of life it was a good school and taught us lessons that we have never forgotten, and when we see a fellow being in like predicament, the only thing that troubles us is that our pocket book is not long enough. The next spring we moved to another place and built another house, of which the accompanying illustration gives some idea of the rude log cabin we lived in. Some people think it a great hardship to live on the frontier in a log cabin, but having experienced a fine mansion and the log cabin, I am prepared to state that the log cabins of America cover more thorough happiness than the brown stone fronts on Fifth Avenue, New York. "There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at its ebb, leads on to fortune." It seems sometimes as though the wheel must go to the bottom of the hill before it takes a rebound, and sometimes it takes an awful long time getting a start up on the other side of the valley, but with us, after it did start, it seemed as if everything came our way. Our sheep prospered and in the fall of '87 I left the home to the little ones and my wife and took my tent and horse and started out on a hunt. It seemed to me that the country was swarming with game. All the barren

holes that had been burned out the year before had grown up spontaneously with succulent weeds, and elk, deer and moose were luxuriating in them. Fortune followed me wherever I went. We had been very short of food all spring, and although a good hunter, it seemed as if I could not find the game when I needed it most. A bear that I had shot had got away from me and I needed its skin and the meat worse than I ever needed anything in my life, I think. The skin would have bought clothes for the little family and the meat would have furnished our table. However, on the second day of June I had ridden over to see the doctor, as I was not feeling well, and coming back I ran on to an old bull elk and from that day to the day we left Minnesota our larder was always abundantly supplied. That fall I killed enough elk and fur so that I sold, besides what we needed for our family, nearly $400 worth of meat. We not only had a grubstake and were able to get clothes and necessaries as well as many little comforts for the house, but I bought a bunch of heifers, which were destined to make us a nice herd of cows. The amount of hay we could stack was only limited by our capacity for cutting it. In fact, we felt like Monte Cristo when he breasted the waves and said, "The world is mine." That section of country around there certainly was ours. We had undisputed sway over

it. The more our sheep ate the grass, the richer and thicker it grew, and all we had to do was herd them during the summer and feed them plenty of good prairie hay in winter. Our stock did not increase from the fifty-two head fast enough to pay dividends, so the man who had put in the sheep decided to sell out. I felt certain that if he stayed with them they would win out and I wanted very much to keep them but I did not know how to get them as all I had were the few heifers and the cow I had bought in Hallock with her calves. I thought and planned and finally decided to go to a man who I had met but a few times. I stated the case to him and asked him to endorse a note for me. Nerve! Well, yes, but desperate conditions require nerve, and my nerve won out. I offered him everything I had and the stock I was buying as security, but that fine old fellow said, "If I could not trust you without security, I would not endorse it for you," but knowing the great uncertainty of life I had the bill of sale drawn up so that if I should die he would be safe. Bless his dear old heart, when I offered it to him he was quite angry and I have the mortgage yet as a keepsake. In two years I sold enough sheep, wool and cows to take up all my indebtedness and leave me a balance in the bank. Every year I took out hunters and so did not have to sell any stock for home expenses and in ad-

dition I made some pocket money writing for magazines and trapping near home during the winter. People were just beginning to appreciate the beautiful fur of the American sable, alias skunk, and the price like the odor was steadily rising, so as they were very plentiful I not only saved my chickens but reaped a harvest by killing them. My wife would render out the oil, and that also brought a good price. By making a little money in this way at every turn we were on the road to affluence. My wife was suffering from asthma and the doctor said, "Don't stay another winter, get to the mountains." This was in the spring of '92. I had no trouble in finding buyers for my fine stock of sheep that I had bred up till they were the finest bunch of Cotswolds in Northern Minnesota, but I did not like parting with them when we were doing so well. My wife's health came first and it also gave me an opportunity to get near schools, something I had long been wishing for as the children only had lessons at home, which is not satisfactory because we had no time in the day and at night they were too sleepy. I had been in correspondence with my old friend, Bill Root, the founder with Bill Nye of the Laramie Boomerang, and he boomed Laramie as the only spot on earth worth living in, so to Laramie we went in spite of the strongest protest from our little five year old American citizen. He declared he

would stay alone in Minnesota with the cat and we have often wondered if his vision was prophetic, as he was taken ill on Sherman hill, that mountain with its 8,200 feet that has caused the death of scores who, like our little chap, succumbed to the altitude. Just after reaching Laramie I bought some cattle and was doing a good business trading cattle and horses when the little fellow finally took to his bed, and the day after Thanksgiving I was badly kicked by a horse and went down beside him to have him die in my arms a few days later. With a broken leg, I went on crutches to bury him, and it was late in March, '93, before I was able to get about again and we were once more broke, with the exception of a few milk cows that barely supplied the necessaries of life. Our children had been going to school but I could get nothing to do near town, so in hopes of stopping the wheels before we completely reached the bottom of the hill again, rented a ranch some fifty-five miles in the country. I was busily engaged on the 18th of May, 1893, planting some potatoes when one of those wild wind storms so well known in the mountain states suddenly burst upon me and sand was blown into my eyes. I rushed into the house and used every method to reduce the pain, but without avail. On the second day my eyes were streaming with water and the sight almost gone owing to the in-

flammation. I felt that I was going blind and would gladly have welcomed death in preference. I was naturally despondent at this time, after being laid up for a long winter, and my children did everything possible to cheer me up. My son, running in, told me there were some antelope just over the brow of the hill from the house and he urged me to go out and shoot them. I told him that it was useless for me to make the attempt because I could not see the sights on my rifle, but the pleadings of the whole family caused me to go along with the boy. Not only could I not see the sights on the rifle but barely see the rifle in my hand and it was pain to me to open my eyes at all, but just to please them I went along with him and he led me up over the hill, guiding my steps carefully. When we reached the top of the hill, he said, "There, don't you see the antelope?" I told him that I could not see anything but some white thing like a rock from where we were and the sun was shining brightly on this white rock and could see it but I could not see the antelope, though they were less than 200 yards away. However, I threw the gun to my shoulder just to please him and pulled the trigger. The bullet by some chance struck the rock and the antelope, hearing it, immediately rushed up the hill towards us. As we were lying among some rocks on the top of the hill they passed within about twenty-five

feet of us and I could see the moving bodies going by. I threw my rifle to my shoulder without attempting to look at the sights, fired, and to the delight of my son, brought down a young buck. I supposed then that that was the last shot that I would ever fire and as I write this the head of that buck looks down on me from the wall. It is needless to narrate the struggles of that summer. Absolutely helpless and blind, I went to a hospital in Denver and was fortunate enough to have a good doctor, who saved one eye for me, but when he first saw them he gave me no hopes of ever seeing again. He sent me up to St. Luke's Hospital in Denver, and between the gentle care of the nurses and his clever treatment, we managed to save one eye, although I remained blind so that I could not see the moon until the 21st day of September. On that day I was sitting out with my family enjoying the bright sunshine when I suddenly remarked to my wife, "What pretty little birds those are." She said, "Can you see those birds?" and it suddenly dawned on me that my sight had come back to me. It did not seem at all strange to me that I could see those birds. I felt as though a scale had fallen from my eyes, I was about to see once more. The first thing I thought of was my gun, and the following morning I was up bright and early. I started off up the gulch and it was not long until I ran across some sage

chickens. I fired six shots and brought down six birds. I could not wait to go further. My delight was so great that I had to go back and tell the rest of them that they might rejoice with me. On my way back a rabbit jumped up, and as it ran away I knocked it over too. I presume that there was not a happier man in the state of Wyoming that day. I wanted to go around the country and tell everybody that I was able to see again. Only those who have been blind can appreciate for a single instant the true meaning of it. We may sympathize with a blind man and pity him that he is not enjoying the beauties of nature that we have, but to really appreciate his sufferings one must have gone through it himself to learn exactly how little life holds for a pair of sightless eyes. Once more our wheel that had been going down hill struck the bottom, and with the exception of having a few head of cattle and two or three horses, we were broke again, for I had spent everything to try and save my eyes.

We passed an uneventful winter on this ranch, killing an occasional antelope and a good many ducks, and the following spring I decided that we had better get a ranch of our own, so with my youngest boy, I started out for the Big Horn Basin. It was a long trip but we found a place that seemed to fill all our requirements, although I knew it was going to be a difficult place to irri-

LOG HOUSE, BIG HORN BASIN RANCH

gate, so the boy and I returned, packed up the family, and after driving about three weeks we reached the place we had chosen. I had bought the logs for a house, as shown in the accompanying illustration. We were a weary and tired lot when we reached here, having driven several days through a desert where there was nothing but a few alkali springs. We had to carry water from the Platt River, and that had to be used very sparingly as it was only a small quantity. When any of the children required a drink they had to take the alkali water out of a quassia cup, the bitterness satisfying their thirst but keeping them from drinking very much of it. After traveling over eighty miles of this desert, we came to Bad Water, so called not because the water is bad, for it is such a clear mountain stream that it seemed as if we could wait there all day long and drink, but because it overflows and has drowned many. After crossing an alkali desert, one certainly appreciates good water. From here on to the ranch we had good feed for our stock, plenty of good water for ourselves and any quantity of fish, the very finest mountain trout. I remember one day my son and myself started out to go and get some fish for the family. After we had gone, the girls found some old lines that were lying around the wagon, and cutting a willow for themselves, started to fish, and great was our amazement when we returned

for lunch to find that these girls had caught several large trout, much better than anything we had caught on our long tramp, and they had caught their's close to the wagon. We immediately set to work upon reaching the ranch and completed our cabin. Every night the boys and myself would grub sage brush and the girls would make bonfires of it. We were there only a few days when a fine buck deer walked down close to the house and one of the girls saw it go into a grove. As we were short of meat this was quite a godsend, for we didn't have time to hunt. Stationing my boy at a small opening near the grove, I went into the brush to drive it out to him and succeeded so well that in a few minutes I heard a shot and the boy hollowing, "Dad, I've got him, I've got him." I never felt more pleased when I killed my own first deer than I did to see him get his, and to think that it was a large buck too pleased him still more. The accompanying illustration depicts the delight of the boy better than words can tell.

We cleared that fall an immense tract of sage brush, and everything seemed to be prospering with us. The deer were thick in the hills and we had an abundance of meat, and on the rich pastures of that valley our herd of cows did well. The following winter all hands started in to make the big dam, for without irrigation the place was

worthless. Everybody said that it was impossible to put a dam in that river, but we built ours on the principle of the beaver, using brush and rocks and sod, laying the brush up stream just as the beaver does. As soon as we had the dam built and were sure that it would stick, my son and myself started in on the ditch. It was a heavy one to make, but before the garden began to dry up we had turned the water in, and there was great rejoicing, for that insured an abundance of vegetables for the winter. We had a magnificent soil and everything we planted seemed to do well. That fall I decided to take out hunters in the mountains, as there were lots of elk and deer and always the possibility of a chance shot at a grizzly bear. There were also a number of mountain sheep in that section. As I had been writing for a number of years for the sporting journals, as soon as I advertised that I wanted a party to take out, I had no difficulty in getting them, and the accompanying illustration shows the outfit that was required to care for them. By this means we were enabled to get our winter supplies and the "grub stake" seemed to be the grand idea. Some men would go out on the round up working for the big outfits, others would go to the cities, but the one grand idea through everything was the grub stake for the following winter. Year after year our cattle increased and fortune

was once more smiling on us when my dear old partner's health began to give way and a doctor who I had taken out hunting told me that if I wished to save her life I must take her away from that place, and above everything to take her where she could not have the cares and worry of a home. He said that nothing would do her more good than to camp out the entire season, so we sold our ranch and once more started to travel with a wagon. This time we had a pretty good outfit, taking along a considerable bunch of horses. The girls rode most of the time and the mother and I drove in the covered wagon. When it would rain the girls donned a big slicker, and in one of the boy's hats with their hair tucked away in the crown, it was impossible to tell the boys from the girls. We spent the entire summer hunting, fishing, gathering flowers and drying meat. We lived entirely on wild game, which was so abundant that any evening upon going into camp, without any effort at all, I could go out and get one or two deer and be back to camp in less than an hour. We never wasted any of the meat, having lived among the Indians so many years we thoroughly understood the art of drying it, and we had meat at all times in all stages of curing. Sometimes the game wardens would come to our camp, but there was never anything in sight by which they could catch us. On this trip we had a very

THIS TIME WE HAD A PRETTY GOOD OUTFIT

serious accident. We had a colt that was running off into every herd of wild horses he could find. My son had him in a corral one time and was roping him when the rope caught on the rail of a fence and the rail sprung back, striking my son across the face, breaking his cheek bones and lacerating his tongue in the most terrible manner. Such an accident as that is a bad business in the city, but when you are one hundred miles from nowhere and nothing to work with but warm water and such astringents as willow or cherry bark, it makes a very trying condition. The poor boy lay on the floor of the tent all night with the blood pouring from his mouth, and he was months before he was again able to eat a piece of solid food.

I never saw such a profusion of magnificent wild flowers as we found near Hahns Peak. The wild columbine was in abundance and such a variety of colors. One of my daughters, who is a great lover of flowers, made a collection of nearly one hundred and fifty specimens. We varied the monotony of camp life by visits to the mines as we went by. One place near Columbine we saw some hydraulic mining being done and we realized how thoroughly that mode of mining destroyed the fishing, as it was almost impossible to catch anything from there down. It was, also, a great annoyance to the farmers, filling up the irri-

gating ditches. At many places we met other travelers along the road, some out for the summer, some journeying for new homes. One old couple traveled all the way with us to Meeker, where we finally pulled in for the winter, my wife being fully restored to health, as we hoped. Everything was excitement in this little town when we reached it. We heard nothing but the talk of a coming railway, a dream by the way, that has not yet been fulfilled. In this place we passed an uneventful winter. I ran a photograph gallery and learned exactly what it meant to go up against the public in business. Many an amusing thing happened in that gallery. Two women would come into the place, and after studying the different photographs, decided that they wanted a photograph made. The remarks would usually be in this wise, "Now, Mr. Man, we want something that is a good likeness. We don't want something that has all the features touched out of it." I knew perfectly well when some old woman all wrinkled made a remark of that kind that if I were to hand her a photograph just as the camera had reproduced it, she would immediately tell me that I didn't know how to take a picture. I remember one day two women coming in there and making just such a statement. I exposed the plate and told them that the proof would be ready for their inspection the next day. I purposely

did not retouch it, and just as I supposed when I handed them the proof the old lady who had had her picture taken turned to her companion and vehemently denounced any man who would make such a caricature of her. Of course it would be an easy matter to tell her that the instruments did not lie and was just as she appeared before it when I made the exposure, but I would just as surely have lost a customer, so I merely told her to call again in a few days after it was retouched. When the old girl had gone out I told my retoucher to take out every line and wrinkle and turn that old lady of fifty-five into a girl of twenty as near as possible. She returned in a few days afterwards and was so delighted with the beautiful misrepresentation that she ordered a dozen. I doubt if she ever looked as good as that picture made her when she was a young girl, but the grand idea was to please, and if they wanted something that was like somebody else and it pleased them, they were perfectly welcome to it. This town is situated on one of the most beautiful mountain streams of Colorado, but for some reason that had not been found out when we were there, the death rate was abnormally high and there was a great deal of sickness. All our children were taken ill there and my wife was very ill, so much so that the doctor advised me to repeat the trip of the year before. Our finances at

this time had again reached a pretty low ebb but I had invested the money we sold our cattle for in land in this village and when we got ready to leave, I traded the land for horses and wagons, thinking that that would be enough when we once again got on to a ranch. This time we started out with two four-horse teams and a spring wagon, carrying all our baggage in one wagon and our camp outfit and bedding in the wagon that my wife and I drove. This was just after the Spanish American War and we decided to pay our way along the trip by giving stereopticon shows. We had a small organ and some banjos and a guitar. In addition to the above outfit we had eleven horses, which the riders of the party drove. We had any amount of fun with our stereopticon. We would drive into a little settlement, get the school house and then someone would tell them there was to be a show. The cowboys would come in and the remarks that they would make was as good as a show itself. All those little settlements never saw a show of any kind, and consequently they were delighted to have the opportunity to come to us. Between giving shows and trading horses and hunting we had quite an eventful trip. The first thing of any interest that happened on our journey was when we reached Four Mile, a place four miles below the Wyoming Boundary in Colorado. Here was a gold

OUR FREIGHT OUTFIT

camp and rich placer diggings. At this little point we gave a show and were tied up two days in a snowstorm, and the whole family was highly entertained examining the mining plant under the guidance of the proprietor. We traveled along day by day giving a show at every little village we came to, but nothing of any great moment occurred to vary the monotony. The roads were getting dusty and the traveling was far from pleasant. Rawlins and the Union Pacific R. R. were passed and that was really the only glimpse of civilization that we had on our entire trip. These little frontier towns, only reached by stage, used to boast of a semi-civilized condition, but it seems to take the railroad to bring real civilization into a place. From Rawlins to Lander on the old freight trail we met one of the old fashioned freight outfits consisting of three immense wagons, as shown by the photo, and drawn by some twenty horses or mules, all driven by one man who rode on the nigh wheel horse and handled the entire outfit with a jerk line running to the leaders. These freight outfits have now become a thing of the past as the railroad has invaded all that territory. After passing Rawlins, we traveled through quite a barren country for some distance and were delighted when we got into the valley of the Popoaggie, pronounced Popogee. That day's drive brought us into the pretty little

town of Lander, at the foot of the Wind River Mountains. This was the banner town for our show, as we took in almost $100.00 in one night. As we got into such excellent pasture we decided that when we reached Fort Washakie on the Shoshone Reservation we would remain here and let our horses recuperate. One of the wheels of our wagon required repairing as we had a tire off, and the accompanying illustration shows the wagon up on blocks when the wheel went to the blacksmith's shop. While here we helped the soldiers celebrate the Fourth of July and took numberless photographs as well as giving shows at the fort. I was fortunate here in being able to get from one of the sargeants a photograph of the troop when they were on a march, from which I made a slide, and the excitement of that troop when they saw this slide thrown on the screen and were looking into their own faces is better imagined than described. They jumped from their seats like so many school boys and rushed over to the canvas, pointing out Jack, Bill, Tom and Dick and wondering where the old man picked up that picture. They laughed at the idea of Roosevelt leading up San Juan hill, saying he was not with them, but in his tent sending dispatches. We amused ourselves from day to day visiting at the Fort, bathing at the wonderful Hot Springs and attending the Indian sun

dances, to which we had a special invitation. It is almost impossible to describe this dance. There was a large tepee with a pole in the center and on the top an immense bunch of brush tied together, and these Indians got up and danced toward the pole, advancing and retreating until they dropped from exhaustion. They strenuously objected to having their photographs taken, but we have a few that were taken by a friend. We were loath to leave our beautiful camp on the bank of the Little Wind River. In fact, in all our travels whenever we would strike a mountain stream rippling over the rocks clear and cold, we always hated to leave it because we never knew when we would get another drink of good water. The ferry on the Big Wind River as out of commission when we were ready to start, having just gone out before we reached the river. We met the mail man who had been wrecked and his clothes were conspicuous by their scantiness. He had shed most of them to save his life. We turned back from the ferry and decided that we would follow up on the south bank of the river as far as Thermopolis, where there was another ferry, and while this took us considerably out of our way it gave us some more towns in which to exhibit our pictures and also a chance to bathe in the world renowned hot springs of the Big Horn Basin. On our

journey along we went through the beautiful Birdseye Canyon of the Owl Creek Mountains. On the top of these mountains we came near having a fatal accident. My son was driving the heavy freight wagon, my wife and I were following in the next four horse team. On making a turn around a little place that was washed out, one of the wheels slipped over the bank. My daughter was driving with her brother, and almost before one could speak we saw that heavy wagon, with its load of packing cases, turn over, throwing the boy clear of it and pinning the girl down to the ground. I was driving a colt that usually, if you would attempt to get out of the wagon, would try to see how near he could come to kicking the bows off it. Without thinking for a single instant about this crazy horse, I handed the lines to my wife and jumped, rushing to my daughter's assistance. My son and I raised the wagon sufficiently to drag her out from underneath it and were surprised to find that she was not killed or had even sustained any serious injuries, with the exception of a stiff back, from which she recovered in two or three days, she was not hurt. This accident compelled us to camp right on the spot, and fortunately it happened at a spring. The next day we started to Thermopolis and had the bad fortune to get lost on the road. We wound around through the mountains, several times

having to take the team off one wagon to double up with the other, and at times it tried the endurance and strength of the eight horses. It seemed when we came to some of the hills it was impossible to surmount them and it was altogether the hardest and most tedious day of the entire trip and we were indeed a very weary and thankful crowd when we pulled into the Hot Springs that night. We found these hills like the hills of life that one meets daily, always look worse before you come to them.

The Thermopolis Hot Springs have become celebrated all over the United States. Their power in restoring people who have had serious liver trouble seems to have no equal. I have known a man to be carried on a litter after coming all the way from Philadelphia and placed in that hot spring and in two days be able to walk and go and take his own bath after having previously spent a fortune in trying to find remedies elsewhere. It is too bad that so many people will spend large sums of money going to Carlsbad and other mineral springs in Europe when we have these magnificent springs right at their own door, and now that there is a railroad to them there is no excuse for people who can be benefited by hot springs not using their own. In those days it was nearly two hundred miles' drive over terrible roads with bad weather. We gave one of our shows at Thermopolis and had a new fea-

ture, a rather unique experience. A lady, hearing we were going to give a show, volunteered to let her little boy sing for us. She thought it would be good training for him, so we tried him out in the afternoon and were amazed to hear the way this little seven year old fellow would reach the high notes and the tremendous compass of his voice. He sang "The Star Spangled Banner," "Rally Around the Flag" and other patriotic songs which made the most entertaining evening we had put on the trip. I doubt if this young marvel ever reached greater heights, but he certainly deserved the training that would have landed him in the front rank of the singers of the country. After a day or two of resting and a few baths in the Hot Springs, we decided to move on. We met a man a little further on and asked him where we would get good feed for our stock. He gave us the encouraging reply that from Big Horn River to Cody we wouldn't find enough grass to feed a jack rabbit, but somehow or other when the horses were turned out we would always find them picking a pretty good living. As we were traveling along towards Otto, where we proposed to give a show, we were met by some cowboys who had heard that there was a show coming that way, and my son and one of the girls, who were riding ahead of the caravan, were asked if this was the show coming along and they

immediately replied that it was, then the cowboys wanted to know where the animals were and this mischievous son of mine replied that the animals were in the back wagon. As a matter of fact, the only animals in that back wagon were his twin sisters. When the cowboys reached this wagon they wanted to see the animals and the girls assured them that there were no animals there. "But," said they, "the young man told us that the animals were all in the back wagon." "Yes," said one of the twins, "we'll teach him where the animals are when we get up to him." As a matter of fact, in that back wagon we kept an organ and all our musical instruments that helped to make the show, the only "animals" being the girls. Nothing remarkable happened until we reached Burlington, a Mormon settlement, on the Grey Bull River. Here we met some Mormon elders from Salt Lake City and one of the apostles by the name of Woodruff. They invited us to come to the services in the Mormon church and as we had never been to anything of the kind, we decided to go. We also made arrangements to give a show in this church, but were told that the people were too poor to pay good hard cash for admission. We found afterwards that this was far from being the fact, as they were a well to do settlement, but rather than turn anybody back in an out of the way place like this and in order that

they might all bring the children to the show, we told them that we could use chickens or eggs or anything of that kind that they could bring along, and several brought a dozen eggs for their admission fee, but they had mistaken our meaning. We told them that we could use chickens, and when we cooked the eggs in the morning we found that the chickens were inside the shells. In order to get to see the show they had evidently robbed some old setting hen's nest, but we got enough good eggs to answer our purpose, and everybody went away pleased. We camped several days with these Mormon elders as we traveled north. They liked to watch our girls pitch the tents. When we would get into camp at night we would throw the tent out of the wagon and my two sons and myself would commence to unhitch the horses, hobble them and take them to water, and by the time that we had the horses attended to the girls would have the tent pitched and the stove going, getting supper. These Mormons thought that one of those girls would make a pretty good wife and one of them did not hesitate to say so, but the girls did not have any fancy for sharing matrimonial bliss with a half dozen other women, or at least taking any chances on doing it. So expert were the girls at pitching a tent that they challenged the troopers at Fort Washaki, but the offer was declined. We

had a 12x20 tent and it just took them four minutes to pitch that tent and have it ready to set up the stove. The boys always attended to the horses, not only those they were driving themselves but the ones that the girls were riding and driving. The next place of any size that we struck was Cody, the home of the celebrated Buffalo Bill, but owing to the bridge being washed away, we were obliged to take a circuitous route and did not give a show there. We were pretty nearly on the last lap of our journey now. Our destination was Red Lodge, although we had started originally for Missoula, but the fall was wearing on and we thought it inadvisable to continue a trip that would land us in the winter, so we pulled into Red Lodge with the intention of giving a show there but found we were too late, as the only place where it was possible to give one was occupied by another company. As we did not wish to compete we decided to pull on down the river, where we were told we would be able to get a homestead. We camped at a small place called Joliet and once again that destiny that shapes our end decided our fate here. We gave a show at this little school house and while giving the show my wife stayed back in camp with some of the younger members who did not take part. A couple of men came to the camp and informed her that one of their number was missing and they would like to

get a candle from her in order to go and look for him. She naturally supposed that they were going to use it in a candle lantern of some kind, never dreaming of anything different until the following morning when the sheriff pulled into our camp and told us that a safe had been blown up that night at the principal store of the village. The accompanying photograph shows the dilapitated condition of the safe after the robbers had done their work. We were greatly dismayed to find that the candle that my wife had lent had been the one used in the operation of blowing up the safe. It was a candle we had bought in Colorado when laying in our supplies and it was branded on the side. There were no candles of that brand around Montana and this fact placed us in a very bad predicament. We were informed that while we were not suspected of having blown up the safe, we would be held as witnesses. Fortunately among my other accomplishments I had acquired during the vissitudes of frontier life I had not yet learned that art or I might possibly have tried it to see how near I could do it without getting caught. However, although they got the men who borrowed the candle, it was almost as bad, because we were perfect strangers in the country and if we were to be held as witnesses it was a certainty that we could not give bonds and we had no desire to be held in the county jail several

months until the trial would come off. But by some astuteness of their lawyer or some miscarriage of justice, the justice of the peace before whom the preliminary trial was held turned the prisoners loose, and we also were allowed to go on our way rejoicing.

Our next stop was at a little place called Gebo, on the Clarks' Fork River. At this town we showed to the poorest house of any we had and to a very unappreciative audience, who thought themselves vastly too superior to look at anything like a stereopticon show. We never could see or understand why they came. The next day we pulled up along the river to a little town called Bridger, after the famous old scout and frontiersman, Jim Bridger. We had no intention of showing at this town, although there was a little coal mine there, and when we saw it didn't impress us very favorably, for all the houses were in one street, commonly called Stringtown, and there was barely room for two wagons to pass between them, but we thought it was a pretty good place to show so we went on a little way beyond the town and camped, going back there at night and having a very good turn out. The next morning we pulled on up the river and were asked to give a show at settler's house that night a few miles beyond Bridger. We told them if they would guarantee us a $5.00 house we would do so, and as that

was forthcoming we remained there that night. Up to this time we had seen several places that were offered us for sale or trade but they all seemed too difficult to irrigate and we moved on to the mouth of a little stream called Bear Creek, and here we camped because the feed was good and had plenty of water and wood. We also found some good neighbors, who were willing to supply our needs with vegetables and butter and eggs. The next day my son and I saddled up our horses and rode up to a ranch that we heard was for sale. Once again we were doomed to disappointment, but on our way we saw some land that was not taken up and which we heard was shortly to have a railroad through it. We decided that if we could take up this land we might possibly find coal, which seemed to be very abundant in that section, or else be able to sell the land to the railroad company, so we went back down with the news that we had discovered a place that we thought would do us for a resting place at last. We could just about appreciate the feeling that the dove had when it returned to the ark before the flood subsided. The idea of getting a place where we could at last settle down was certainly refreshing. When we came to count up our worldly goods we found that we were once more practically broke. We had a bunch of horses and three wagons, but no money, not even enough to pay the $16.00

filing fee that was required to file a homestead. However, we soon made friends and had no difficulty in getting all the money we needed until such a time as we could get settled. Having made our filing on the homestead it was an easy matter to get credit for anything we needed, because it is a well known fact that men of experience taking up a homestead rarely make a failure of it, and of course in order to get a start they are willing to pay pretty good interest. Such credit looks very attractive to business men on the frontier. We were constantly laughed at at first for taking up this land, and the people thought that we had no experience, but the following season we turned a spring on a place for a garden and began selling vegetables in the Red Lodge market. As we came through that town I had tried to buy vegetables and found that nearly everybody was using canned goods simply because they couldn't get the genuine article. I told them that I hoped to be able to supply them before very long, and that summer we sold over $400.00 worth of vegetables from that patch of ground. There was no question about the place. The idea of getting the vegetables fresh seemed to appeal to the people, who had so long been living out of cans. We moved on this place the last week in August and on the 1st day of September the first logs were hauled down from the mountain to build us a home. We were still

living in the tents and wagons that we had traveled in and it was like a beehive around the place until the time that the house was finished. The boys hauled logs from the mountain, and I, with the help of my girls, worked from early morning till late at night building the house, and on the 1st day of October, after being in a tent from the 21st of May, we once more sat down to a table under our own roof. There was great rejoicing over it. That winter, after we had got a stable up, the boys went off to the railroad with the teams and left me to look after the cow that we had traded for and the chickens that we already bought. When traveling through the country we usually carried our chickens with us. A large coop was fastened at the back of the wagon and somebody rode behind and every now and then there would be an exclamation, "There's an egg in the box, stop the wagon!" The egg would be gathered and then proceed on our journey. When we arrived at camp at night the door of the coop was opened and all the hens flew out, picking up grasshoppers, insects and enjoying themselves thoroughly until the sun went down, then they would fly up into the box again as naturally as if they were going to roost on a regular perch in a henhouse. They seemed to realize that that was their home. In this manner we had fresh eggs on the journey, it being one of the peculiarities of

WE ATE UNDER OUR OWN ROOF

a hen, that as long as you keep moving it will keep laying.

Any person starting out on a ranch must be prepared to face all kinds of hardships and go without many of the necessities of life, or what are considered necessities in more civilized communities. It sounds all very well to take 160 acres of land from Uncle Sam and make a home on it. There are fences to build, sage brush to grub out if you are in a sage brush country, ditches to make for irrigation, water rights to acquire, and until one has actually gone through it it is impossible to appreciate the cost of a homestead. On this place we made a ditch over eight miles long across gulches thirty and forty deep and some of the flumes two hundred feet long. All this timber had to be hauled from the mountains, a distance of nine miles, and it was slow and tedious work. Yet, the second year we succeeded in getting our water on to a garden spot consisting of about four acres. Up to this time we had practically a monopoly of supplying the different mining camps with vegetables, but no sooner had we demonstrated that it was a money making proposition than people began hauling in vegetables from all parts of the country, some loads of melons coming as much as sixty miles. However, the second year of our residence there we made over $1,200 and everybody remarked what a united

family we were. When we went in there first it was seriously debated whether we should go back on a ranch or not, some of the family wishing to live in a town. As they were all old enough to care for themselves, I told them to choose their own life, that their mother and I were going on a ranch. As we had lived together, a happy, united family for twenty-three years, when it came down to a realization of what it meant to sever the chords that bound us, we all decided to pull together, and as long as we did pull together at one end of the rope everything seemed to prosper. We worked together grubbing sage brush, piling it and burning it. We cleared a large tract of land, planted it with alfalfa and saw our large stacks of hay grow year by year, our stock of cattle increased and our baskets of butter and eggs all went to swell the bank account. How long this condition of affairs would have lasted is hard to say, but one day a young man who was driving sheep through the country was lost near our home and sought shelter under our roof. Cupid's dart did its work here, and one of our girls fell a victim. This was the first serious mistake in the family. About this time a friend wrote to me from the Jackson Hole country imploring me to do something to save the elk from extinction, and this old pioneer, D. W. Spalding, is the man to whom the credit for the original crusade against

the use of elk teeth as emblems is due, not to Roosevelt, who claims it. He wrote me that not only in Jackson Hole, but also in the boundaries of the park the elk were being slaughtered by the hundreds for their teeth, their carcasses being left untouched, not even their tongues taken out of them. I made inquiries from other sources and found that the authorities in the Yellowstone National Park were doing nothing to prevent the slaughter at the Southern end of it. In fact, it was hinted that they were benefited by this law breaking. Things like that are hard to prove, but myself and some friends organized a Sportsmen's Game Protection Association and I received considerable information and substantial assistance from sportsmen all over the country. I heard that the laws were being broken in other ways in the park and I decided in September, 1902, to make a trip through the park and learn all that I could about this law breaking. I accordingly got some films and took my camera and started through the park. Everywhere as we traveled through the park, on the trees I saw a notice placed, "No barrooms or saloons shall be allowed within the limits of this park," and yet, at every hotel in the park I saw barrooms and liquor served in unlimited quantities. I also saw at the Mammoth Hot Springs a separate bar kept for the teamsters, the men in whose hands hundreds of precious lives

were intrusted, driving two, four or six horses along dangerous precipices in that park. I also learned that there was gambling allowed at this place and saw some going on, and that every pay day the soldiers quartered at the Fort spent most of their money here. I remained at each hotel long enough to get photographs of people drinking at the bar and to get all the information I could. I spent money freely at these bars and found no difficulty in loosening tongues able to give me all the particulars I needed and the conclusion I came to was that the Commandant was hand and glove with the law breakers, a fact that I afterwards got affidavits to prove and which I showed Roosevelt. Two troops of cavalry were kept there to enforce these rules and yet these barrooms and this gambling hall were allowed to run wide open. All kinds of insults and indignities were heaped upon people traveling in the park. Private teams camping through the park were run off, either in the hope of getting a reward for recovering them or in order to keep people from going through the park with their own outfit, thus compelling them to use the hotels or else stay outside. I got several affidavits from parties sent to me voluntarily as soon as they found I was investigating conditions in the park, and these, together with the photographs of the illegal bars, I took with me to Washington, as I found it

necessary in order to get any notice taken of these conditions to go in person and see the President. I had written several letters to the President regarding this matter and in every case the letter was turned over to the Interior Department. As these bars could not possibly be run in this park without the connivance of the Interior Department, together with the superintendent of the park, there was absolutely no use turning it over to them to investigate. When I got to Washington I found the President suffering from an injured leg, and on each visit to the White House I was told it would be impossible to see him yet, as he was doing as little business as possible. I waited several weeks and finally induced Mr. Cortelyou, who was the private secretary to the President, to take my card up to the President, and he immediately returned, telling me to go upstairs, as the President was then in the temporary White House, while the White House was being repaired. The President met me at the top of the stairs and gave me a most cordial handshake, for while he had never previously seen me, he had often read my articles in the sporting journals and hunted and camped with men with whom I had hunted. As soon as we were seated he asked me my business. I told him that there had been great slaughter of elk in the Yellowstone Park and the Jackson Hole

County, that elk teeth were passing current for $4.00 a piece in the section, and that the superintendent of the park was, in my opinion, a first class grafter. The President immediately changed, his cordiality had vanished and he flew into a passion, shouting at me, "You dare to call my friend, John Pitcher, a grafter?" I said I certainly would, I could not call him anything else, and "Further," I said, "when you were police commissioner in New York and an Irish policeman walked before an illegal dive, allowing it to run, you called him a grafter, and for my part I fail to see any difference between Major John Pitcher with an army at his back to prevent these dives from running, and yet allowing them to run, and your Irish policeman in New York." The President immediately informed me without hearing any more evidence that because I had called his friend, John Pitcher, a grafter I had ruined my cause. He got angry and walked over to me. I told him to keep cool, that I had not come two thousand miles to run any bluff on him, but I had the goods with me and I showed him the photographs of the illegal bars that were running and affidavits. I told him of stages that had been upset, of passengers who had been crippled and injured for life owing to the drunken drivers, one stage with thirteen people on it that was upset into the Gardner Canyon, and as soon as he discovered that I

had the goods and that he was cornered, he sat down in his chair and told me to take my affidavits and photographs home and write him all particulars. I told him that I would not write again, that I had wasted enough time writing letters to have his secretary turn them over to the assistant secretary of the Interior, who himself had been seen drinking at the very bars of the park. I said, "If I knew that you would get the letter and act upon it, I would take the trouble to write again." He immediately grabbed a piece of paper, tore off a corner and wrote on it, "Show this letter to me, T. Roosevelt." He said, "Pin that to your letter and I will get it." I did so, I wrote him all the particulars of the different outrages that had been perpetrated in the park that I had learned on my trip going around there, and I never yet have had the courtesy of a reply. The following spring in April, the President made a trip to the park at the expense of the Northern Pacific Railroad, who were running the hotels at that time, and sat on the Mammoth Hot Springs' Hotel piazza while liquor was being sold over the bar of that hotel, showing how little they had to fear from the "great" Executive of this nation. He remained in the park a few days, came out and whitewashed the whole bunch. All this time I was receiving letters from prominent men all over the country tendering me their sup-

port, telling of the outrages that had been perpetrated upon them in the National Park and urging me to continue the good work. In spite of the fact that I had taken Spalding's letter down to the President and that I had written a letter myself to Outdoor Life regarding the slaughter of the elk and the use of their tusks as emblems, this same President Roosevelt has lately taken the trouble to exploit himself as the man who instituted the crusade to save the elk. The columns of Outdoor Life have a letter from me before Roosevelt ever heard of it. I determined that the matter was not going to end there and once again turned my face to Washington in the hope that I would be able to influence congressmen. I went to the New York Sun and urged them to take the matter up and they came out with double leaded head lines, "Fullerton is the first man who has dared openly to call President Roosevelt a coward." I said that he was a coward because he did not dare to do his duty and clean up that park because it would injure the Northern Pacific Railroad and so help to imperil his chances of re-election, and had the people of the United States ever known the real truth and the contemptible position in which he was placed they never would have re-elected him to a second term. He never dared then to apply his pet short and ugly epithet to me and he does not dare now, for I have yet letters and

affidavits and photos that they failed to steal among the others that were taken while I was confined, that will prove my case in any court in the land, and the public who now take his calling a man a liar as a huge joke, when they see the photos and affidavits he refused to act on will also brand him a moral coward. I took the affidavits and photographs and showed them to the Hon. J. K. Jones, a Senator of Arkansas. He replied to me after reading them, "Mr. Fullerton, I never saw such charges made against a President of the United States backed by such irrefutable proof." He asked me to bring all the evidence that I had in the matter to the Democratic convention that was to be held in St. Louis. He said he was satisfied that a pamphlet setting forth all these photographs and affidavits and the few particulars of the conditions as it was, after being placed in the hands of the voters would defeat any man no matter what office he ran for. I went to all the papers that I could get in the large cities of the United States that published columns denouncing the President's actions and still this great bluffer hesitated to turn out the man who had been allowing all these irregularities. I never rested from the attack. I attended conventions in the large cities and urged the men there to take action. I went to San Francisco and saw the old soldiers. Articles were published from

New York to San Francisco, but never an answer from Teddy Roosevelt. One night in the fall of 1904, when I was staying at my ranch in Montana, a rider came to the door and called me out, saying that he wanted to speak to me privately. He told me that a certain Senator had come from Washington and been closeted with one of the biggest scoundrels in the State of Montana, and he told me that the orders had gone out that I must be got rid of and he advised me strongly to "beat it" out of the country or I would get a drop of the same medicine that had been dealt out to the rustlers in Johnson County, Wyoming, in 1902. As I was in Wyoming at that time he knew that I would not mistake his meaning. I told him to go back and tell the devils that were after me that I could shoot as quick and straight as any man in the country and if they proposed to kill me to be sure and do it the first shot or they would never live to fire a second. From that day on I always went armed when I had occasion to ride out. Finding that they could not get me that way, a man came up from New York. Whether he was sent directly from that city by President Roosevelt, which my friends have always insisted upon, because they always believed that the first orders came from the head office, or not, I am not prepared to state. I will simply leave the public to draw their own conclusions. At any rate a pol-

ished, suave scoundrel was introduced by one of the local politicians into my home. I little dreamed at this time the depth of villainy to which men will sink in order to accomplish the ruin of a man who is in their way, nor the dastardly outrages that can be perpetrated in the name of the law in what we are supposed to consider a civilized nation. This man ingratiated himself into our family and finally drew upon my stock of hospitality and generosity by representing himself to be hard up and out of work. My two poor boys were doing three men's work and I was rather glad of the opportunity to get someone to help them, but I little realized that in warming this viper at my hearth I was laying the foundation for the ruin of my home. Scarcely had he got settled in the house than he began to poison the minds of my unsophisticated, ignorant, frontier children, who, although many of them had attained their majority, knew less of the ways of the world than ten year old children in the city. We led an isolated life on the frontier and while my wife and I taught them such elementary knowledge as they had, yet they knew nothing of the ways of the world. I had no use whatever for my son-in-law and still less for his brother, although I had hospitably entertained them at my house, and while feeding them at my table, they, together with this villian from New York were plotting my

ruin and poisoning the minds of my children against me. Was there ever a viler human being than the man who will plot to ruin another whose hospitality he enjoys? Yet, such were these Kimballs. Instead of the harmony that had always existed for almost thirty years and all of us pulling together, as soon as they entered my home everything was changed. The ranch began to go down, things were neglected and I had absolutely no more control over them. We began having quarrels in the family and at last they succeeded in getting my youngest son hypnotized by this man from New York to help them trump up a charge of insanity against his father. I was unceremoniously arrested, and that night in the sheriff's office, the sheriff, the deputy sheriff and the jailer all made the statement that if I was insane it was time to enlarge the jails, because they would require to take everybody else in the town. They knew positively that there was not a saner man in that community and I have since been told that the doctors who were on the commission to examine me received one thousand dollars for their services. I have endeavored to get positive proof of this, but there are things in this world that it is impossible to prove, though I have no doubt that no man would be guilty of committing a perfectly sane man to an insane asylum unless he was well

paid for doing it, and what shall we say of the judge who signed the commitment papers and afterwards turned around to my personal friend and said, "This is all wrong, that man is no more insane than I am." However, they had accomplished their end. They could proclaim in double leaded type, "Roosevelt's traducer is insane." They had legally destroyed the man that was in their way and this legal death is permitted and accomplished time and again in this land that is proclaimed the land of the free. I went to the asylum and was thrown into a den of syphilitic idiots, the object being to deprive me of my reason, and had it not been for the noble house doctor, who stood by me and encouraged me, and my indomitable will power, I must undoubtedly have succumbed, either my life or my mind would have gone out. The guards protested against this awful injustice and they urged me to leave, offered me all the assistance that I required to get away. The doctor urged the warden daily to let me out but he kept me there fourteen days, during which time I never slept, except a few hours under the influence of chloral that I begged the house doctor to give me. I entered that hell-hole, that could only have been equaled in the days of the Inquisition, weighing 186 lbs.; I left it fourteen days later weighing 158 lbs., with my hair whitened, my cheeks hollow, my

nerves and health irretrievably wrecked. The tortures of that dastardly outrage can never be even imagined except by those who have suffered the like. At this writing, six years afterwards, I am still a nervous wreck from the shock, and I never hear the name of Roosevelt but with abhorrence, for to him and his vindicative nature I feel satisfied that I owe it all. When I came out of there the warden told me that I could go where I pleased but I was to report three times a day at meal times, which I was to eat with the guards. He saw the condition to which he had reduced me and so thought he would feed me up, as he told me. I could go where I pleased and I went out among the ranchmen and their very blood boiled at the idea of such an injustice having been perpetrated. Some of them wrote to my wife, but she foolishly listened to the warden, who told her not to come to see me as he knew "hell would pop" if she did. As I was walking in one night about nine o'clock I saw the warden passing up and down in front of his house. He called to me and took me by the arm and we walked up and down before his house for two hours. He told me that he had never had anything to happen in his long experience as a warden that had caused him so much worry as my case, that he knew that I was as sane as he was but that I was a political prisoner. He assured me that he would like to do any-

thing for me that he could, but that if he discharged me he would immediately forfeit his position, and he had the nerve to turn to me and say, "What would you do if you were in my place?" I hesitated a long while before making a reply and finally I said, "Doctor, as a man and a brother Mason, I want to tell you that I think I would make a man of myself, I would be no man's tool. There is not money enough in this United States to buy me to confine a fellow man for the sake of a lot of dastardly politicians." After that I was feeding with the guards and getting the fat of the land, and I was gaining strength. They were all as good to me as they could possibly be and most of them said that if they were in my place they would not remain there another day, they would go home, take a rifle and kill every one of those who had had a hand in sending me to the hell-hole. I told them no, people would then certainly have an opportunity to say that I was insane, and I proposed to prove to the world that every man that had a hand in it was a liar of the deepest dye, and six years later, as I write this, I am able to stand up before the world and prove that statement. They were liars and perjurers without a particle of manhood, seeking only the gain of gold. Some months afterward these Kimballs reported that their father had received some $5,000 for looking at a

piece of property. It is a great deal more likely to have been their share of blood money for helping to ruin me. The Yellowstone Park company lost thousands by my attacking their methods and could easily afford to pay well for my destruction. Along towards the end of March after I had been taking long walks and stiffening my muscles for the effort, I made up my mind to leave the place for good and all. I gathered up my clothes and hid them in a haystack and some of the guards gave me money to help me away, and one night I decided that I would go as soon as it got dark. I got some provisions and struck out for the top of the mountains, on my way to Canada. I had barely reached the top of the mountain, which was in full view of the asylum, when a blizzard set in. I had never been over the trail before and hadn't the slightest idea, now that the stars and the moon were obliterated, where I was going, but I knew which way the wind had started from and I walked in the teeth of it. When daylight broke I found myself near a milk ranch, a few miles out of Butte. I told this milkman that I was traveling for my health, which was certainly true, and he offered to give me a ride. I enjoyed a thorough good breakfast at his place, which warmed me up and did me good. If I had not been a frontiersman of experience and also **very sane** I never could have faced

that blizzard and come out alive, and a man needed all his wits in a storm in the mountains. When we approached the city of Butte, I told him that the hills were steep and that I would ease his team for him, so when he disappeared around the bend of the road I slipped up a draw to the left and saw him no more. I had no desire to enter a city with telephones and telegraphs in it. I intended to make my way down to the Missouri River and so struck out in a northward direction. I followed a woodland trail and it ran in the direction I wanted to go. Occasionally I would stop, boil my tomato can, make tea and get a little refreshment. In fact I made a first class tramp. That night at nine o'clock, after having been twenty-five hours tramping, I came to a ranch at the head of a little creek, and from the day I met the kind hearted ranchman and his wife I have never ceased to pray for blessings on their heads. They took me in and cared for me as if I had been their own brother, and that night I slept under their roof without telling them whence I had come, but finding that the man was a brother Mason, and not only a Mason but a good Mason, I confided in him the next morning and he then and there volunteered to help me in every way in his power and was furious to think that such a dastardly outrage had been perpetrated on a man of my character. I remained with them

three days and when my feet, which were blistered and bleeding when I got to them, were sufficiently healed for me to proceed on my journey, I started down to the railroad track determined to risk a trip on the cars, as this good samaritan had handed me a twenty dollar gold piece on leaving his house. I had not walked far when a man with a team came along and I jumped into his wagon and drove to the station. I had shaved off all my whiskers, donned an overall outfit and a miner's cap and should any of my own children have met me on the platform they would not have recognized me. When we got to Helena a man came into the car that night and looked me over very carefully and I thought certainly I was in for being re-arrested, but he evidently decided that I was not the fellow that he wanted, and I got to Great Falls without further mishap. As soon as I reached Great Falls I hunted up a cheap room where I decided no one would know me and had a good rest, only waking in time to get some breakfast at a counter and to catch the train for Lethbridge. I barely seated myself when a man I had met at Red Lodge came and sat by me without the slightest recognition. My disguise was so complete that I now felt quite safe. We talked all the way and had a good time together till the boundary was reached and the customs inspection began. Words can

never express my feeling when I saw the dear old flag once more floating over me and knew I was on British soil. There is a feeling comes over one then that none but those who have experienced it can realize. Yes, on British soil and a free man. That flag that ever stands for justice, honor and integrity of the courts, where judges are not for sale, was once more waving over me. As I turned and looked south across the imaginary line and saw that other flag that once had stood for freedom, that nearly one hundred years ago had cast off the British yoke, that had later freed the slaves, that had cut the shackles of Spain from the Cubans and Phillipines and now by the debauchery of the courts of Montana in their diabolical attempt to destroy a man who had dared to tell the truth, had had a stain put on it that time can never obliterate. Here I saw the boys of the old force, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and none but those who have actually undergone such experiences as I had can ever appreciate what it means to feel that you have the protection of those red coated sentinels. That evening we reached Lethbridge and I just had $1.25 left. I paid one dollar for my supper, bed and breakfast, and after disposing of the latter I inquired for work, only to learn that there were a number of others in the same predicament and no work to be had, so they said. I

went to the Church of England's rector, and once more fate had directed my steps to one of those sterling men who are ever ready to help a fellow who is down and wants to help himself, and I hope the day may come when I can be of service to him. This good samaritan took me to a boarding house and guaranteed my board for a week. The next day he found me work planting some trees. A few miles west, at Calgary, lived a man who was a struggling parson when I first knew him, at the time I married his sister in Winnipeg. In those days he was a pretty decent sort of fellow. At that time, in the early 70's, I was handling a large number of cattle and making considerable money, and was very willing to lend aid to my struggling brother-in-law. When his babies needed milk I bought him a cow to help out and took great pleasure in taking him lots of game with which the country abounded, and now when I was down and out I naturally supposed, as fate had drawn me in his diocese, for he was now bishop of Calgary, that he would be delighted to have the opportunity to repay some of the kindness I had shown him. I wrote him of my condition, and to my surprise and disgust, I received a letter enclosing ten dollars and stating: "I CANNOT AND WILL NOT RECEIVE YOU INTO MY HOUSE." I had not asked him to enter his inhospitable home

because I knew from past experiences that he did not know the first principles of hospitality, but the mitre on his head had made it swell till he was like a puffed toad. This was supposed to be a follower of the lowly Nazarine, instead he was an ingrate of the deepest dye. I realized why he was never spoken of without being laughed at, as I heard it done repeatedly in Lethbridge by those who never dreamed of connecting our families. It is such men that make a mockery of religion and a farce of the church. I didn't need his money when at last it came, but as he owed me that and more, I took it. I was already run over with work planting shade, ornamental and fruit trees. I met with so much kindness in this town that I wanted to settle here and wrote my wife to come. The poor soul had been suffering all these weeks, for it was now six weeks since I left home, torn from her side after living with her for thirty years, represented to her as insane and dangerous by my lying son-in-law and his treacherous brother, who, vilest of all human vipers, the most despicable of all humanity had sat at my table and enjoyed my hospitality while plotting my ruin because they had been called down by me for conduct that no man with any sense of decency would have been guilty of, and there is no doubt in my mind they were offered a price as well as wanting me

out of the way since I had ordered them off the ranch. The unprincipled scoundrel at the asylum that had cast me into a den of idiots added to her torture, while I was there, by writing her not to come to see me "as it would do me harm." I suppose it would have been necessary to kill me when she found out what was being done. These sons-in-law kept asserting to my dear old companion that it was dangerous for her to come, so the people of the town of Lethbridge got up a petition signed in triplicate by all the prominent people, business men and doctors, setting forth that I was not insane, etc., and pointing out the gross injustice that had been done me, and a copy was sent to Judge Henry, Joe Toole, Governor of Montana, and my wife. In addition, three doctors signed a statement that I was not only sane but mentally above my fellows. Still these scheming devils held her, knowing full well that once she saw me and realized the extent of the diabolical injustice that had been done me, their game would be up. They seemed to have a hypnotic control over my poor, worldy ignorant, children, who believed everything the dastards told them. I at last, in June, yielded to my wife's importunities and pleading and started for Red Lodge, although I felt I was taking my life in my hands when I did so, and I felt sure if I was retaken to the asylum I

would be killed as I knew others had been. Where there was no danger there was no fun for me, but this was a danger I did not relish. The game was too one-sided. On the road from Billings to Red Lodge I met a friend who had always stood by me and denounced my persecutors. He told me the sheriff was waiting for me, having been notified by phone, but if I dropped off the train and went to his house I could get home before they got me. Here my old railroad training came into use, and nobody knew when I quietly dropped from the rear steps. All I wanted was to see my wife, for I well knew that if she ever realized that she had been a tool and made a fool of by a lot of designing brutes, who, regardless of her suffering, only wanted my destruction, she would rise to the occasion, and she surely did. I got a team and soon covered the intervening miles to the ranch. Here I found two of the devils who had ruined my home, the fellow from New York and my son-in-law's brother, who had made use of my absence to propose to another daughter, thus showing his chief reason for wanting me out of the way. This fellow and the girl and my youngest son, who was absolutely controlled and is yet controlled by him, withdrew to the stable and there hatched out a still more fiendish plot. Knowing as they did that all Lethbridge had certified to my sanity and that others

had done the same, where their ignorance might have been some excuse previously, now there was none, yet they worked on that deluded ignorant boy and got him to get out of his window at midnight and go to the sheriff and ask for my re-arrest. But this time they got left. They could not fool my wife any longer, and when the deputy sheriff came at noon, she dropped a bomb in their camp by saying, "Where my husband goes, there I go too." We went to town to the hotel and the sheriff called the warden on the long distance phone and asked if he wanted me. He replied, "No, we don't want him, there's nothing the matter with him." The sheriff turned and repeated it to my wife and asked her what she wanted. "I want my husband," she said, and we went home to part no more till the Great Reaper gets His work in. As a perfectly sane man when I was confined in that asylum, I am capable of giving testimony that should appeal to those who have friends confined. I learned many things from guards who had worked elsewhere and also what I saw, and I want to emphasize the fact that our asylums are a blot on humanity, a stain on the entire nation. Inhumanity, murder, graft, tortures inconceivable that would put to shame the days of the inquisition are practiced for no other reason than that the unfortunate have lost their minds and

cannot object, because in the eyes of the law they are dead.

Conditions were intolerable at the ranch, and so, after living together, a happy, united family for thirty years, the heart strings were rent asunder, the home sacrificed, and with my dear old companion I set out again to begin life anew. The future looked dark, very dark. My nerves were shattered by confinement, starvation and sleepless nights in the asylum. The stigma of the asylum has compelled me to leave the marts of business and get away from society of my fellows, for up to the present none of the cowards has had honor enough to publish to the world the truth that they lied to get rid of me, and as a consequence strangers who saw the glaring head lines at the time the debauchery was worked naturally believed me really insane. Our ranch that I had negotiated a sale of for $12,000, as soon as final proof was made, went for a few hundreds, and the personal property the children got.

We decided in the midst of all this turmoil to take a trip to the Portland Fair, so my wife and I started out "to do the Fair." We reached Portland on the 21st of June and spent a week seeing all the sights, but there was no rest in such a crowded place, so we decided to come farther, and went on to Seattle. We reached this City of Hills in a rain storm and I had not been there

more than half an hour when I wished myself back in Portland. We made inquiries where we could get rooms and it seemed as if every room in town was full. The places we were sent to we would have hated to have tied our dog up in, and places that looked pretty decent we could not get into, they were all full. However, we happened into a place where we saw rooms for rent and got one little back room and the use of a stove if we wanted to cook. Sometimes we took our meals out and sometimes we cooked a dainty little meal and enjoyed the quiet of our room. We were expecting some money and while waiting for it we ran completely out. One night coming out of church we had just ten cents left and did not know where the next was coming from or what we were going to do to pay for our food the next day. Here we were absolute strangers in the city. As we were walking along my wife said she was hungry for a piece of cake. She just wanted cake and wanted it badly, so we decided to go down and spend our last dime for a cake and trust to luck for the morrow. That luck seems never to desert us, for on the morrow I went out to look for something to do and was directed to a lady who had a small ranch that was going to ruin from the want of attention. Her husband had been laid up in the hospital and died, and she jumped at the opportunity of getting

me to go and take care of it for her. There was really very little to do on the place, only a small garden to look after, and I had abundance of time left in which to go fishing and otherwise amuse myself. The climate on the coast seemed the most delightful that we had ever seen. There were no storms or no strong winds. Everything seemed peaceful except the everlasting bustle on the streets, but as we only got into this bustle when we came down town, my wife's nerves were rapidly recovering from the shock they had received and both of us were feeling better. We fell in love with the country and decided that Seattle was good enough for us to stay with. That year we started a small grocery store, but the free life of the range had got into my blood and I couldn't stand the confinement, especially with my nervous condition, so the following spring I hunted up a small ranch on one of the islands and there we went into the chicken business. The following spring, water front property being at a premium, a rich Alaskan came down and bought us out. We made the mistake then of trying to become city folks, and it was forcibly brought home to me that a shoemaker should stick to his last, and in addition the stigma of the asylum made it impossible to make a success in business. A man who has been inured to a frontier life is totally unfit to

cope with city men without such a handicap. During the time that we lived in the city, I undertook to try my hand at selling medicine on the fair grounds at the Alaska Yukon Exposition. I thought that it was going to be an easy job, that all I had to do was to stand up and tell people about it and they would buy it because it did the work, and that really was about all there was to do with it, but telling people is not as easy as it looks, in fact, it was the hardest work that I ever undertook in my life and I realized how badly my nerves had been shattered by my awful experience. Today a man could hardly guarantee me a sum sufficient to get me to undertake it again. But it is a far cry from the quarter deck of a broncho to peddling medicine and speeling at an exposition.

After having put in six years of city life, I am again preparing to return to the soil and I never intend to leave it. Would that I had the pen of a Harriet Beecher Stowe to be able to depict the tortures of a modern asylum so that it would rouse this nation as did Uncle Tom's Cabin. Valentine Vox awoke England to the horrors of her asylums and if what I have suffered could arouse the people of this nation to a realization of their peril, I would consider that I had not suffered in vain. You, Mr. Man, and you, mother, wife or sister, apathetic in your fancied security, just as

I was. Is it none of **your** business to look into these matters? How do you know your turn may not come next? You could not love your family any better than I loved mine. You could not trust your family more implicitly than I trusted mine, though I never trust anything but a dog now.

How do you know but the stranger you have just fed and warmed at your hearth has not the poison of the deadly asp under his tongue. There are other reptiles abroad who, for one reason or another, may want you out of the way. A few dollars and a little perjury and you are dead in the eyes of the law. Penniless and a prisoner, possibly thrown into a dungeon with a lot of helpless idiots, who could not care for their own person and were treated like a pen of hogs, simply living carcasses held down there awaiting death, and in this dungeon I saw sane men thrown because they refused to scrub floors. I have the names and dates that this took place. These men had been drinking, one had cut his throat, but all were perfectly sane again. We constantly read of children trying to get parents put out of the way to get property, and there seems to be no redress. A law should be passed in every state making it a felony to charge sane people with insanity and punish such dastardly crimes with not less than ten years' solitary confinement in a penitentiary. Better a thousand times

murder anyone than send them to the living hells provided by our states.

Every asylum should be visited at least once a month by a committee of clergy or laymen, and every patient (prisoner would be a better name for "hospital" for the insane is a farce) given an opportunity to make complaints free from the eyes of the warden or guards. There should be quarters for convalescents and those of different degrees of insanity, and in no case should anyone ever be taken to an asylum till a jury had passed on his case. Cheap skates of doctors, such as pretended to examine me, can be bought at a few dollars a dozen to send anyone to these hell holes, and it is only a matter of money how long they stay or a question of how long their mind can stand such an awful strain and not give way. Every patient should have free access to the mails. The silly excuse that patients' letters must be read by the warden to see that no obscene matter is mailed is only an excuse to prevent the victims from exposing the brutality they have suffered. Of course there are some unfortunates who are helplessly and hopelessly insane, but that is no reason they should have brutal treatment.

The asylum in Montana is more like a hotel, the owners getting so much a head per day. These men own the buildings and it does not pay to have empty beds in

an hotel, hence, many who could be out working are kept long after they are well. First class mechanics, perfectly sane, are kept because of their valuable free labor. It is much cheaper than having to hire men at $3 and $4 per day, but what about the poor devil who is at the mercy of such a diabolical system? I heard a guard say one day, "That fellow told me one day he wouldn't eat, well, I guess I made him, I took an iron bar and pried his jaws open and stuffed him." He died. Who killed him? "Quien Sabe?"

They will tell the people that I was insane and did not know. They will lie. I was called insane in the rotten State of Montana but I crossed an imaginary line and could not coax the king's counsel to have me tried before a court of record, where I knew there was justice. They said to bring your asylum up here if all the rest are like you, we want men of your calibre.

While in the asylum I heard guards discussing cases where men had been knocked down, kicked and abused "to put terror into them." I heard of one being drowned in the tank while bathing and the guard did nothing. Throw them in a pine box and haul them out with an ox wagon. Who cares?

APPENDIX.

The following affidavit and letters, also the photo of illegal bars in Yellowstone Park are the remnants of my papers that I found in my home that had been missed by the thief who stole the rest. These are a sample of the affidavits and papers that were submitted to President Roosevelt and which he had in his possession, yet he took a special train from the Northern Pacific Railroad to go up into the Park to investigate (?) my charges, knowing that the railroad owned the hotels where these illegal acts were, and I am told are still permitted with the full knowledge of the President and the interior department.

It is not a question of whether I or any one else drinks liquor or is a total abstainer. Congress made laws to govern that Park and said "No barroom or saloon shall be allowed within the limits of this Park" and notices are posted on trees all around the Park and in the hotels giving the rules of the Park. There are two troops of cavalry kept there to enforce these rules and an officer of the army as Superintendent in charge.

I went to Roosevelt with photos of those bars and affivadits of debauchery, and because of the power of the railroad to prevent his re-election he turned coward, sacrificed his manhood, his oath of office, everything to his ambition and took a special favor of a train and whitewashed the whole outfit. **Was he an honest man?**

Nor did he dismiss his personal friend, Major John Pitcher, from office until I had hounded him through the papers for two years. W. J. Burns, one of the greatest detectives of the present age, says: "If you want a criminal, look for the man who is most benefitted by the crime." Why did he not apply this reasoning at the time McKinley was shot by a poor ignorant fool who staked his life for a few dollars.

When W. C. Bristol of Portland had fought Roosevelt for over two years and thugs tried to kill him, and finally put dynamite under his house, why did not this great detective find the man most interested in Bristol's destruction.

When I fought Roosevelt for two years and Tom Carter came all the way from Washington to see "that this man Fullerton was got rid of"—and reader you can judge if my friend had a pipe dream when he rode to my house to warn me of impending danger.

Because I could kill an antelope at a quarter of a mile on the jump and therefore they could not hire a man who wanted a rifle duel with that little 30-40 rifle was not their fault.

The man who sent a thug all the way from New York to enter my home and "get rid of me," the thug who hypnotized my devoted son so that they left me to die, and because I did not die trumped up a charge of insanity and railroaded me to hell, who, I ask you American people, was the man most benefitted by my destruction—I leave you to name him.

No. 156 Broadway, New York,
October 15th, 1903.

Hon. A. E. Hitchcock,
Secretary of the Interior,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Supported by the request of a large number of tourists in the Yellowstone National Park, we beg to lay before you the following facts:

The subscribers, with their wives, entered the Yellowstone National Park on Sunday, September 6th, for the regular five and half days' tour. On the following morning, six stage loads of tourists started out from the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. Our party occupied one of the stages. The first stage contained a party of some ten people from Butte, Montana. Well supplied with alcoholic beverages, with which they plied their driver from time to time, they vented their enthusiasm in the singing of songs of the rag-time variety during the ride to the Norris Lunch Station. There they entertained the other guests with singing and shouting in the dining room, without objection on the part of the management, and subsequently approached members of our party and others, two of them ladies, with free and easy salutations, which, under the circumstances, were far from pleasant, in fact, insulting.

The same boisterous conduct prevailed during the afternoon. At "Larry's" they found a kindred spirit, and being there told "that the house

was their's" proceeded to make the most both of the house and the encampment adjoining.

On Tuesday, at the Thumb Lunch Station, the manager put a quietus upon them for the first time. They went by boat from the Thumb to the Lake Hotel. When their driver started out with his empty stage, he was reeling in his seat, and we subsequently heard that he fell off during the drive around the lake. At the Lake Hotel either exhausted nature, or good management, kept the party fairly quiet. There was more singing and more coarse conduct, but it was comparatively tame. By noon of the next day, they resumed their objectional conduct and by the time they reached the Canyon Hotel were vulgarly hilarious. That evening, before dinner, a number of their party, including the women, gathered in the "Wine Room" of the Hotel, and the sounds issuing therefrom, heard throughout the Hotel corridors, were such as might be expected from a Bowery dive. After exploiting themselves in song at the top of their lungs as "beauts from Butte, Montana," they consigned to "hell," and also in song, various people whose names were borne by members of our party, and having "damned the Filipinos," adjourned to the dining room, where they again indulged in coarse wit and dance-hall songs. In this party were four women. In the room of one of them several of the party gathered after dinner. This room was on the floor above the office, and the noise proceeding therefrom echoed through the hotel corridor. There was singing, shouting,

and an entertainment of the dance-hall variety and of a nature so remarkable that it attracted a crowd of servitors and soldiers outside the hotel, who secured an excellent view of the performance through the windows of the well lighted room. About nine p.m. two of our party, with their wives, went to their rooms, which were on opposite sides of the corridor on the first first floor. One room joined that in which the uproar was taking place. The disturbance was so great and so disquieting to people who desired to seek rest after a fatiguing journey, that the occupants of this room asked the hotel clerk to stop the noise. The clerk went to the room occupied by the Butte party, for that purpose. A violent altercation ensued. Several men and women came from the room; all joined in denouncing the clerk in unmeasured terms. The latter called a sergeant as the military officer in authority. The sergeant met with a warm reception—denunciation on the part of the men, endearing reproaches from one of the women, and a slap in the face, we are told, from another. The sergeant evidently did not care to arrest these people, without orders from Major Pitcher. Resort was had to the telegraph with a view to communication with Major Pitcher. One of the Butte party, and apparently the ring leader, who was also a telegraph operator, took possession of the instrument to the exclusion of all others, and after some half hour's work, apparently found the Major, and reported a message from him as follows: "Have a good time,

boys, but don't disturb the other guests." This repeated to the others of the Butte party, was the signal for more hilarity of a coarse and vulgar character, which was kept up until after eleven o'clock.

Several of the Butte party were, of course, considerably the worse for liquor, and some of the women were also. The latter paraded up and down the hotel halls, and repeatedly denounced in loud and coarse language the "women from Boston and New York," whom they held responsible for the action of the clerk and sergeant. One of these women gave utterance to remarks reflecting on the chastity of the women in the hotel. One of them tried to force herself into the room where two of the ladies of our party were attempting to seek refuge. Subsequently she pounded upon the door of this room and so conducted herself that both of the ladies were soon in a condition bordering on nervous collapse. During all this time repeated attempts were made to get the manager of the hotel to come from his room, to which he had retired early in the evening, but without avail. One of the clerks and the housekeeper, when finally aroused to the occasion, tried unsuccessfully to put an end to the disturbance. The rest of the management seemed to be utterly incapable of handling the situation, or unwilling to incur the disfavor of the disturbing element.

Suffice it to say, this body of tourists, citizens from all over the United States, people from England, Holland, various parts of Europe and

South Africa, in an isolated locality forty miles from headquarters, were practically at the mercy of this party from Butte. But for the presence of the women, the men among the tourists would have readily taken up and disposed of the situation to their complete satisfaction. Under the trying circumstances, and after the message reported from Major Pitcher, there was nothing for them to do but to submit to the indignity put upon them and their wives.

Several of the tourists who set out from the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel on September 6th, stopped over a day at one of the other hotels, and thus escaped the attentions of the Butte party. Unfortunately, most of us were unable to do this.

The following day, upon their arrival at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, the subscribers and several other tourists made a statement of the facts as herein set forth to Major Pitcher, in the presence of five or six of the Butte people. We have no wish to criticise Major Pitcher. We do not know what message was sent to him by the Butte telegrapher, nor do we know whether he had been informed of the previous notorious proceedings of the Butte party during their journey through the Park. We do think however, that performances of this character should have been brought to his attention by some of his command, and we ascribe the fault to the system which will permit such things to take place without the knowledge of the officer in command.

Above and beyond all, however, we wish to arraign the management of the hotels, for it was they who should have held these disturbances in check and enforced order, and we think and recommend that a thorough investigation should be made, and that those responsible for the failure to suppress the said disturbances should be held accountable. We further recommend that some system should be devised by which, in the future, such disturbances may be made impossible, to the end that the National Park, established for "the pleasure of the American people," may not become a by-word as a place for the entertainment of disorderly and drunken tourists, to the annoyance of other visitors and to the discredit of the American people.

We deem it our duty, as American citizens, to bring this disgraceful matter to your attention. Personal affront we might overlook, and, while we sympathize with one or two of the members of the Butte party who assured us that they did not drink and deprecated the proceedings of their associates, we take this action so that similar unfortunate occurrences may not take place in the future.

For confirmation of the above statements, we are authorized to refer you to Mr. John P. M. Richards of Spokane & Eastern Trust So., Spokane, Washington; Mr. Francis X. Brosnan of 146 West 74th street, New York City; Mr. Hilton A. Parker, Union League Club, Chicago; Miss Whipple, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. G. Percy Mead of Woodlands, Bicton, Shrewsbury, England; Dr.

Victor C. Vaughn, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Further, we feel justified in referring you to all those whose names appear upon the register of the Canyon Hotel of September 10th, except those who are registered from Butte, Montana. Their names also are upon the register.

In concluding we beg to call your attention to an extract from the regulations issued by you and dated February 7th, 1902, "9. No drinking saloon or barroom will be permitted within the limits of the Park. 11. Persons who render themselves obnoxious by disorderly conduct * * * may be summarily removed from the Park, etc."

Very respectfully,

William H. Sage,
156 Broadway,
New York City.
William A. Jones, Jr.,
141 Broadway,
New York City.

University of Michigan,
Department of Medicine ond Surgery,
Ann Arbor, December 30, 1903.

This is to state that I, Victor C. Vaughn of Ann Arbor, Michigan, accompanied by two of my sons, started from Livingston, Montana, September 6th, 1903, for the usual trip through Yellowstone National Park. I had visited the Park in

1896 and had found it at that time well managed, and I was anxious that my sons should see the many wonderful displays of nature exhibited in the Park. At the hotel at the Mammoth Hot Springs, we found a crowd of ten or twelve exceedingly noisy people who were evidently hand and glove with the military commander of the Park and who were making the hotel corridors ring with songs, some of which were not objectional, while others were profane and still others approached the vulgar.

In going over the grounds at the Mammoth Hot Springs, I was pained and humiliated to notice that many of the placards posted at different places, bearing the rules supposed to govern the Park, were disfigured by the names and initials of people. At one place, that is Bath Lake, the placard contained in large letters an obscene sentence which was plainly noticeable to every one, and which must have been humiliating to every decent American citizen.

The next day, September, the 7th, we started from the Mammoth Hot Springs on the usual trip. The party which had been so noisy at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel filled one stage at the Norris Basin. This same party indulged very freely in drink, became exceedingly hilarious, and were, to say the least, guilty of ungentlemanly and unwomanly acts.

That night at the Fountain House this party was held in abeyance by the petty officer who was at the hotel and who evidently had some respect for himself and the government whose

uniform he wore. The next day at the Upper Geyser Basin, Larry joined with the party already spoken of, frequently led them to the drinking room and encouraged them in their questionable songs and deportment. The next morning between the Upper Geyser and the Basin, and the Lake, this party made their driver drunk so that it was with difficulty he kept his seat, and on reaching the Lake the party evidently were afraid to continue with the driver and took the boat, while the driver left for the Lake House so drunk that we thought he would lose his seat on the way. At the Lake House that evening the manager succeeded in quelling the uproariousness of the party. The next night at the Canyon House, the party already referred to filled themselves with drink, and at least one man and one woman of the party became highly intoxicated and went through the halls making obscene remarks and singing profane songs. Liquor was freely served to people and about midnight the uproar became so great that it was impossible for any one to sleep. I arose, dressed myself, and went from my room, and found a pitiable state of affairs. The young clerk at the desk was unable to quiet the drunken crowd and called in a sergeant who threatened their arrest. When this was done, one of the men belonging to the drunken party took possession of the telegraph and held communication with Major Pitcher of the Mammoth Hot Springs, and reported that the Major had replied that they could go ahead, have as much

fun as they wanted, and that no arrests were to be made. The next day several of us confronted Major Pitcher with this statement, and he acknowledged that this statement was correct. The hotel was simply terrorized. Decent women were shocked at the obscene language which flowed volubly from the lips of both men and women who were highly intoxicated.

I have traveled through the greater part of the civilized world, and I have never seen in any place, either of high or of low degree, the shocking exhibition that was made at the Canyon House that night. There were several foreigners who were insulted to their faces by the drunken crowds and were plainly told that **drunken people had the protection of the Commander of the Park,** which, to the best of my knowledge and belief, after consultation with Major Pitcher the next day, was true. In other words, Major Pitcher in communication with the people, who were threatened with arrest by one of his under officers sent word that no arrests were to be made and placed the hotel at the disposal of the drunken crowd. Upon reaching the Mammoth Hot Springs the next afternoon, several of us went to Major Pitcher and lodged a complaints, giving the facts as substantially stated above.

(Signed) Victor C. Vaughn.

Victor C. Vaughn of Ann Arbor, Michigan, appeared before me, Elizer C. Calkins, a duly authorized notary public for the county af Wash-

tenaw, State of Michigan, this 30th day of December, 1903, and made affidavit that the statements contained in the above are true.

Elizer C. Calkins.

Com. expires Feb. 15, 1905.
Notary Public, Washtenaw County,
State of Michigan.

Note.

This affidavit was sent me voluntarily by Dr. Vaughn.

J. F.

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Fullerton, James
Autobiography of
Roosevelt's adversary